

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## FAITH.

I hear the thrush and blackbird sing,  
And blackbird sing.  
Their hoiled voices wake the sleeping  
spring.

The slothful spring,  
And as each lovely note sighs forth  
and soars,  
Green to the bough doth come, and  
bloom restores  
The earth from mourning for the year  
at rest.  
She holds the golden babe upon her  
breast,  
The new-born spring, the waking  
spring.

Their glorious tune I dare not hear,  
I dare not hear.  
Nor April's flower behold without a  
tear,

Without a tear.  
And friends will come to beat upon  
my door

With "open wide thy casement, for be-  
fore

Was never spring so fair nor song so  
sweet";

I push the bolt and to my heart re-  
peat,

"I dare not hear, I dare not hear."

And comes a child to call upon my  
name,

Taps on the pane,

"Oh, look thee forth and listen, ne'er  
again,

Oh, ne'er again

Shall thrush and blackbird sing as now  
they tune

Their voice in chorus for the birth of  
June."

Swift from my window wide I lean and  
cry

What to his curious elders I deny—

And speak my pain, and speak my pain.

"The blackbird's song how can I hear,  
How can I hear,  
When he who held their singing ever  
dear,

Who held it dear,  
Sleeps sound though all the golden  
thrushes sing?"

Thus to the child, still idly loitering,

I weeping said, and he did make re-  
ply—

"How can he hear, when thou dost sob  
and cry,

How can he hear; how can he hear?"

Oh, little child, who wouldst not me de-  
ceive,

Thou dost believe

That his dear spirit still to earth doth  
cleave,

Doth cling and cleave,

And in the glory of the earthly air  
Finds gladness yet, and still can take a  
share;

Nor lies he soulless in eternal sleep.

I fling my casement wide, no more to  
weep—

I must believe, I will believe.

*Dora Sigerson Shorter.*

*The Nation.*

## AFTER.

When my poor bones are hearsed in  
quiet clay,

And final sleep hath sealed my wan-  
dering eyes,

The moon as now will sail through  
tranquil skies;

The soft wind in the meadow-grasses  
play;

And sacred Eve, with half-closed eye-  
lids, dream;

And Dawn, with rosy fingers, draw  
the vells

Of silver from her shining face; and  
gales

Sing loudly; and the rain from eave-  
shoots stream

With bubbling music. Seek my soul in  
these;

I am a part of them; and they will  
keep

Perchance the music which I  
wrought with tears,

When the moon shines above the silent  
trees

Your eyes shall see me; and when soft  
as sleep

Come murmurs of the rain, ah, bend  
your ears!

*Frederic Manning.*

## THE PERSONALITY OF AMERICA.

You may read a country's history in the faces of its people, just as you would a man's life in his eyes; something of that history, anyhow—its great happenings. You may even read the future of a people in their personality—how they look, how they comport themselves, what they say, and what they do not say. This is the more important in the case of America, because, wonderful as her past has been, she is only coming to her full place in the world.

If it is the color of the past that calls you, storied cities, ancient cathedrals, old gardens fragrant of the youth of mankind, you do not cross the Atlantic for them, even in the summer, when it is an ocean of rest and restfulness. No; you go into the waysides of the Old World, as the Americans, being a shrewd people and sometimes in need of rest, do themselves. But if you think that man is man's most interesting study, that possible gleams into the future are as good as the lights of long ago, then certainly try America. It still runs full-speed ahead, and still it has an open mind as to the goal, so there is a crying interest for you.

You cannot inspect America in a visit of a few weeks, but perhaps, if you take my plan, you will manage to decipher some real human pages of its life within that time. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington stand for Eastern America, for the Older America; and I have been wandering up and down their chief streets, with an occasional dip into the country, looking on, seeing what I could see, always from the simple but vital standpoint of human nature.

Dr. Johnson would have said a wise thing had he said what somebody said later for him: "Come, let us take a walk down Fleet Street!" It sounds

commonplace, but often a commonplace is concentrated wisdom; and that is how, in our careless day, a master of the commonplace gets to be regarded as an oracle. If you want to understand a people, to catch the note to which they march, just do take a walk—many walks—in their great highways of traffic.

Go down Broadway, in New York, whose busy, noisy, glistening side it well reflects, and return by quiet and elegant Fifth Avenue, which tells of the other side. Saunter along Tremont Street, in friendly Boston, most English of American cities in appearance and feeling. Wander in Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, the American city of homes, until you reach Independence Hall, the cradle of the Republic. Stroll in Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, which links the Capitol, where Congress sits in talk, with the White House, where the President dwells, sometimes in peace. At the end of our wanderings it will only be an impression that we possess, not material for a ripe judgment. But often the wayfarer sees things which are hidden from others,—or, at least, sees them differently.

America is a perfect host, informal in manner, generous of heart, kindly in everything, willing to take you at your own value. It puts you up for its clubs, the famous and genial Century, the Players'—which occupies Edwin Booth's old house in Gramercy Park, and was really founded by him—the Salmagundy, a name attributable to Washington Irving, here standing for a head-centre of American artists. There is good-fellowship everywhere, if only you will grip it by the hand as unpretendingly as it is offered.

We in London are not so hospitable; we do not throw open our doors so

quickly, anyhow, but stand a little on the order of our doing the thing. It is our innate awkwardness, nothing worse; but could America not teach us in club deportment? "Come right in," says the American, "come now!"—and from that moment you might, if you choose, almost live on the country, as great generals did in olden times. It is very charming, very cousinly, all this; to have even the stones of the sky-scrappers say "Welcome!"

But there is a sort of "Britisher"—the American word covering us islanders, and yet meaning especially an Englishman—who is not very welcome, and unfortunately we send too many of him over the Atlantic. He is the Englishman who has decided beforehand that there can be nothing good there; who pretends, with a lordly shrug, that he is visiting a barbarous land, and that he will be fortunate if he leaves it without being tomahawked by a red Indian; in fine, the superior, useless person who is translated oversea, for time or eternity, in our interest at home, and for whom America has no use whatever. He wrongs us only less than does the other English visitor, man or woman, who patronizes America, puts on airs which fill a plain, hearty people with anger.

Two incidents which came within my own experience will illustrate this indictment. An English colonel was sitting in the smoke-room of an Atlantic liner, when an American gentleman, who had met him before, but was not recognized, came up and said, "Happy to see you again, Mr. —." "My name is Colonel —." was the gruff response; and the American turned away with a flush on his face. "It is such a pity," said the skipper of this Atlantic liner to me, "that we don't all do ourselves justice when we visit America. I sometimes think there should be an examination in manners, as well as of trunks, before travellers

are allowed to land in other countries."

The second incident concerns a lady, a quite nice English lady, who had never been across the Atlantic before, and was brimful of our national prejudices, as these linger in country houses and vicarages. She was interviewing a ship's purser about the declaration which you have to sign before you may enter America. There are two forms of declaration: one for an American citizen, one for the foreigner; and he had that in mind when he asked, "Are you an American?" "Do I look like it?" she asked. Well, she was standing in front of a bunch of dainty American women, and the contrast was too cruel—she did not look an American.

King Edward, the perfect English traveller, was all-popular in America, although he was only there in his youth. One saw endless evidences of sorrow for his death; they were everywhere, and, indeed, it might have been that America herself had lost an honored man and a historic figure. "It isn't," a well-known American said to me, "that we take much stock in kings as such; we don't, but we understood how fine a constitutional sovereign King Edward was, and what good work he did for the world. Above all, we feel that he was a good fellow, a good sportsman in every walk of life, a man who, being set on a throne, remained quite human. It was this quality which attracted Americans to King Edward; and if it had been possible for him to visit America during his over-short reign, why, he would have had a welcome to make the world talk." That was no undue estimate of the King's place in the esteem of America, as, going up and down the country, you heard it expressed by all classes of people.

The Americans like a clear-cut man, a personality, somebody with character, and they value heart as much as they value mind, wherein they are more than right. You could always interest two

or three Americans by talking about King Edward, even if you had not much fresh to say. Stories cross the seas as strangely, but as truly, as news is carried on the winds of the desert, and there was a delicious one of the King and that king of democrats, Mr. John Burns. He had been visiting Sandringham—in the spring, was it not?—and his host said, "Oh, Mr. Burns, I have been trying in my own little way, during the winter, whether I could not do something for the unemployed problem. I have employed quite a number of men in making changes and improvements on the Sandringham estate, and perhaps you would come and have a look at the work." "Certainly, sir," said the President of the Local Government Board; "and if I approve what you have done, why, I might give you a grant from my fund for the unemployed!" King Edward laughed aloud, and, saying "Your fund" laughed again, long and merrily.

Americans would ask, too, about King George, and declare, "Well, if he'll only come to America, he and his Queen, we'll give them the time of their lives." Of that there can be no possible doubt, and Washington, America's capital, is very beautiful and gracious, say in June, before the heat of summer has scorched the trees and driven the Diplomatic Corps to the seaside. Such a visit, if it were possible, would be a fit event in the Ambassadorship of Mr. James Bryce, for he has quietly been doing precious things in bringing together yet more closely the two great English-speaking nations, whose cordial union means so much in the future peace and happiness of the world at large.

When Lord Morley went to America, away back in 1867, his friend George Meredith wrote a poem entitled "Lines to a Friend Visiting America." It said: "We send our worthiest; can no less,

If we would now be read aright . . ." and that is the spirit in which the Americans regard Mr. Bryce's presence among them. "He is," I heard Mr. Winston Churchill, the American novelist, say at a dinner in London, "one of the five most popular men in America." You can always tell how a man stands with his private circle, or with a nation, by the way in which his name is mentioned, and the Americans say, simply and sincerely, "James Bryce." It is a personal tribute, something greater and better even than being the author of *The American Commonwealth*, a scholar and writer of the same lofty line that American sent us in her Russell Lowells and John Hays. "We like him," said President Taft, whom I saw for a little at the White House; and surely there can be no harm in repeating the remark.

A bright flow of conversation—fresh, crisp, but very safely discreet; a large, genial presence, surmounted by a purposeful head strewn with brown hair, growing grey; a roguish eye, full of humor and laughter, as well as of the seriousness of things; a hand, small and yet caressing, like a woman's—that is President Taft. A complete surgeon, Lord Rosebery once said, must have the heart of a hero and the hand of a lady. You think of that in relation to President Taft, whose natural charm would make a successful bedside manner to half a dozen surgeons and doctors. For the rest, you decide at once that he is the man who sees things through, the consolidator, of judicial mind, the completer of the bridge and the ford rather than the blazer of a trail. Surprises and fireworks have had little part in his administration, but he means to "make good" long before its end. You can take his "pair of sparkling eyes"—a dainty word-setting, Sir William Gilbert!—and the solid, fine head, in token of that Character—President Taft has that in abundance, and it always

triumphs in the Anglo-Saxon world of affairs.

Constantly in America you perceive the regard which the average citizen has for character and the natural man. You may have many faults—in fact, you should have some, rather than be a plaster saint of virtues—but interest-iness you must have, and “side” you must not have. No Englishman has left a sweeter memory among our American kinsfolk than Henry Irving, who, mannerist as he sometimes was on the stage, was never anything but natural off it. Americans delight in stories of those they like, and a brace of new ones touching Irving have fallen into my wallet—slight stories, but Irvingish.

“Blow, bugles, blow!” A bugle sounds half an hour before breakfast on an Atlantic steamer. A young bugler was accustomed to make his first blast just where Irving’s cabin-suite happened to be. The “drowsy morn” had twice been waked in this fashion for the famous actor, who was in no special hurry to greet it. On the third morning a poetic head, which streamed down into a long, lank figure and a dressing-gown, came out of the cabin-door and exclaimed, “Dear bugler boy, you blow beautifully and I love your music. But I should love it still better if you would blow at the other end of the ship.” The head disappeared, and so did the bugler, richer by a particular word from Henry Irving. My second anecdote also relates to him on a liner which was having rough weather and jumping about a bit. He had been dining in his sitting-room, where suddenly a special heave of the vessel caused a tumult. Somebody ran in, and there lay crockery and dinner on the floor, with Irving standing over the disaster. He had a bottle in his hand, and he said, triumphantly, “Anyhow, I have saved the Scotch whisky.”

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt’s vast popularity with his countrymen is largely because he is a natural man as well as a strong man—a plain man and no nonsense. He does not live in a glass-house, and therefore he can afford to throw stones, or so he might be expected to reason. What he thinks he says, and perhaps he finds it easier to speak than to be silent; certainly, he does not, in the language of a famous Irish telegram, “hesitate to shoot,” and if somebody gets hit now and then, it cannot be helped. He means business, and he knows his brother Americans well enough to know that, with them, the shortest road to an end is usually the surest road.

The spirit of the fathers of the American Republic found individual expression in George Washington’s simple grandeur of personality. The moral conflict of the Civil War was humanly expressed in Abraham Lincoln, a moral hero. Generally, a national epoch enshrines itself in a man, even if for that purpose he has to be somewhat idealized. Is it that the modern spirit of America, her invincible vigor, her unquenchable optimism, her pride in what she has done, her desire to do more, or perhaps larger world-lines, with greater thought for the world’s well-being as well as America’s—is it that Mr. Roosevelt’s countrymen see in his personality an expression of this modern national spirit, and for that reason salute him?

There is something in that, more than can be said in words, because the personality Roosevelt blends in Roosevelt the statesman, who, it may be, is destined to steer the American ship of state over the great waters now in motion. They are stirring, those waters, stirring deeply at last, and the consciousness of that causes the nation to say, “We need a man in reserve.” America is a far-flung land, composed of many races, and for that reason,

and because her interests vary in various regions, she is not easy to move as a whole. It would be hard to frighten Denver into a naval scare, since she can never hear the sound of a twelve-inch gun fired from a *Dreadnought*. A big country moves more slowly than a small one having a people who are of one blood, and have long thought and worked together. America has the courage of youth to put against the experience of age; but, even so, she needs the aid of every proved leader.

The association of Mr. Roosevelt with the historic Presidents of America is already pretty complete. That has been nobody's work; it has just happened, as a tradition grows, under the bellows of public opinion. At the office of the powerful American weekly for which he is writing, I was shown three modest, plainly comfortable rooms which make his housing as journalist. One was for visitors, the second for his secretary, the third for himself. You looked from the windows of this last room upon a sky-scraper going heavenward, with all the clatter and nerve-ruin that attend this progress in New York. You turned round towards the solid, spacious desk in the middle of the floor, and your eye lifted to walls covered with a soothing paper of art green. On them were hung large portraits of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, and nothing else. There would, of course, be a third great ex-President when Mr. Roosevelt sat in his chair; so there you were. Most likely this *tableau* of the quick and the dead was just an accident, not design on the part of whoever arranged the room, and Mr. Roosevelt would be unconscious of it all. But there it was, eloquently suggestive of a history-making Presidency, and of, so Americans in general feel, another Presidency, maybe more laden with history, yet to come.

If Washington founded America and Lincoln made her morally by killing slavery, it remained for somebody else to give her people full, free control of their affairs, uncramped and unpillaged by trusts and placemen. By the use and, let it be added in fairness, the abuse of Protection, America is eating her head off, as one may put it in common language. High hotel-bills—the humble breakfast marmalade is almost as big a luxury as a taxi-cab—are not necessarily the test of what living costs as a whole, but prices for food have gone up by leaps and bounds in America, are still rising, and undoubtedly are excessive. Once in a golden age it was the land of no tips; now, in New York, tips are universal and lordly. They are almost exacted by the army of foreign waiters, who, if they could speak English colloquially, and it were not bad policy, would say, "It's your money we want!"

Americans can make money, and often they make it easily, which is the trouble, for—apart from Mr. Andrew Carnegie, shall we say?—they have still to learn how to spend it. By their disregard of this sensible science they have almost assisted the forcing up of food prices; anyhow, made that easier by the trusts. The strain falls most heavily on the professional man, the man who lives by his brain, because his income has not risen correspondingly, however it be with the capitalist and the manual worker. Thus the very finest element of American life—the brain-worker—is suffering most, but the battle for a change and no quarter has been joined. There is cleavage in the Republican party itself, and a day spent in Congress at Washington will instruct you on what the "Insurgents," working with the Democrats, may achieve. High cost of living! That is the clamant trouble in America; it stares her in the face like a famine. It is a dragon that has got to be slain.

Will Mr. Roosevelt be the St. George? St. Roosevelt and Merrie America!

You can scarcely, as yet, speak of "Merrie America" in the sense which we attach to the qualifying word in its old English spelling. In the large cities, however it be in rural New England, in the lotus South, and in the country regions generally, life is too strenuous for that. The American man, with his lithe, sinewy, active figure, and his keen, quick face, is built to be strenuous. You will see big, fleshy Americans, but not often fat Americans, for they do not seem to run to that. No doubt an active life in body and mind, stimulated by a climate which is like dry champagne, is responsible for this. It is only when you sit down to rest that you begin to feel you needed a rest.

The American, the city man again, has still to learn our Old World virtue of leisure. He knows the value of it perfectly well, but when he wants it he usually comes over to us, saying, "Why, I'll get out of my office atmosphere altogether and have a real holiday." A rich American walked on board an outgoing liner with this resolution strong in him, and during the voyage he spent thirty pounds in wireless telegrams, keeping in touch with the stock market. He would have done better to go to Philadelphia, which sarcastic New Yorkers declare they do when they want to sleep.

It is not so much, one fancies, the pace that kills in American business life, although it may be quite rapid, as the long working hours. You will find the offices and shops open for clients and customers by eight and nine o'clock, and the principals all on the spot to do business. They keep going until well into the evening, and they get home tired, to await the rumble of another day calling them. The "week-end" and the seduction of the country house are making themselves felt, but

not to the same extent as with us. No doubt American life as an organized machine is more perfect in America than with us, but this very fact makes against the softening personal note. All that happy invention, smooth, swift-running mechanism, a genius for organization can do, you will find; but we have more individual comfort, more restfulness; we count more as gods in the car. And I have heard it urged that we plough through our work with, in the result, as much dispatch and efficiency.

You work and say little about it in our heavy London atmosphere, whereas in New York you can work and talk at the same time. It is an advantage to be able to do two things at once, and especially to do both well. The very dryness of the American air tickles your tongue into talking, and the nerves of your throat into talking quickly and eagerly. Then sound carries so much further in a dry, clear atmosphere that you may easily find words crashing out aloud which, in London, would hardly be more than a whisper. America is not a whispering gallery, but a sounding-board, where, to be heard, it is necessary to speak up, even if you grow hoarse.

It is the climate and the man, also the physical surroundings and the man; and how could it be otherwise? The eminently fit New Yorker is personal evidence that his city is built upon a rock—there, at least, living up to the Scriptural injunction—and that great sky-scrapers rise securely from this solid Manhattan Peninsula. Its very limited breadth made the sky-scraper inevitable, bed-rock made it possible, and, thirdly, the fineness of American light pierces into a sky-scraping canyon which, with us, would, at best, be a region of dimness, and in dull weather sheer blackness.

But my point is the appropriateness of the American set against those sur-

roundings; his clear-cut squareness, as if he were just part of them, to all the winds which blow. Why, he is even clothed squarely, full shoulders to his jacket, no invading waist—query, has he a waist?—trousers cut spherically, downward, as it were, like a spinning-top, and, if the wearer be really fashionable, turned up over the shoes. That trick, which advertises the superiority in style of the American boot, is, perhaps, borrowed from our shores, but the crease to the trouser is America's gift to the world at large.

Nothing is more perfect than the crease of a New York policeman's trouser, unless it be the whole get-up of his mounted comrade, who controls the wheeled traffic at busy points. He sits his beautiful bay horse like a stoic, and it is positively restful, in the garish glare, in the clamor and clink of Broadway, to look at him. Why don't Americans draw a breath now and then and do that? They cannot, or say they cannot, spare time to hie them to a mossy bank, sit on it, and look the sun in the face. But this man in the blue tunic and the riding breeches, this trim figure, observant in eye, cool, almost indifferent in every action—why, he is America's knight of the street, and he merits notice.

If somebody is on horseback, we have, of course, to look up to him; but why do we feel that we are looking up in another sense? Maybe it is merely that the more highly placed person, by the physical act of looking down, feels an advantage in a conversation, and, other things being equal, makes it felt. Would this in any measure explain why the American woman, being set on a throne by her men-folk, is the better conversationalist, not less witty than they, and often better informed, unless—thank goodness for this mercy—on stocks and shares? She has, especially if she lives in a hotel or an apartment, which we call a flat, leisure to read and

think if she wants to do so. He, poor fellow, is always "going some"—a graphic American phrase with a touch of spaciousness.

You don't see him shopping with his sisters and his cousins and his aunt, as you sometimes see an Englishman—a good-natured, not over-busy one. He is "down town" at his office, which is probably where he should be, but you miss him, his coat, his hat, and his man's resigned air, in the crowd of a fashionable shopping street. When he gets greater leisure he will probably fall into this dalliance, although he will always regard it as a waste of time. He begins, however, like the women of America, to consider the question of afternoon tea, which is ever an influence for leisure, to trifle with it; and that is an item gained for a merry, sociable America, in which all the hours shall not be spent on work, high-pressure pleasure, or sleep.

It will be a sign and token of this when the American takes to carrying a walking-stick, which at present he very rarely does, thinking it, I suppose, a burden, instead of a companion for a restful hour. "Step lively!" says the conductor on an American street-car, and the act needs no support from a walking-stick, though the American is very patient with an umbrella. That instrument has tried the temper of men ever since it was invented, but entirely good-natured is the American in almost all things. There is a latent twinkle in his eyes, and you can readily tempt it into a smile, which spreads over his purposeful face like a morning sun. He kicks against some of the conventions and is a slave to more, and whether he be doing one thing or the other, he remains himself and interesting. This is largely because he is always interested: because, up or down in life, he is still "going some."

Why he should nearly always shave bare is not conclusively apparent, be-

cause there are faces which gain in good looks and character by the presence of a moustache or a beard. Four women of four ages discussed this round a dinner-table to the provocative remark, "Don't you like moustached men better than bare-faced men—is it not more, why, more romantic?" No; they were for the razor across the faces of American men. It is a national habit, now associated with a national type, and the American barber grows rich as a consequence. "You feel clean," said an American friend to me; adding, "A shave and brush-up in our country is as good as getting into an evening-dress in yours and less troublesome." Never does our typical, clean-shaved American look better than in evening-dress, with his old-fashioned watch-fob, his pearl studs and links—no gold and glitter, please! But he hates the bother of it, or pretends to; for, mind you, the vanity of looking well is in men, Americans included, almost as inherent as it is in women.

"Which," one is asked, "are the best-dressed people: the English or the Americans?" Now, how could a mere casual person answer such a difficult question? Style in dress is largely a matter of opinion, and generalizations on any great human subject are useless. Would it, however, convey any meaning to say that, perhaps, in England we have a limited upper company of men and women who, for artistry in dress, would stand first anywhere; but that, when it comes to the greater company, America would beat us, if not in her men's clothes, most emphatically in those of her women, and the elegance with which they are worn? It is a familiar saying that the American woman can put on her clothes, that somehow she makes them look part of herself, the frame of a charming living picture, not so many folds piled above each other, which is the impression that an Englishwoman often gives. A delight-

ful American lady, old enough to be granted freedom of debate in these affairs, said to an equally delightful old English lady, "My dear, your country-women wear too many petticoats, and so miss the trim shapeliness of the American girl or matron." Awesome, was it not, that remark, but it was taken into consideration as being fresh, even thoughtful, if you may have thought in clothes.

Perhaps it is that English women and American women have been nurtured on different ideals of beauty. "My face is my fortune, sir," she said, "in the English song, and nowhere in the world will you see such beautiful complexions as in our sea-girt isles. It is in this very sea-girtness, with the consequent humid climate, that there resides the beauty doctor. "Isn't she a pretty girl? Such coloring, such hair, so fresh, like a flower!" Yes, that is the older Englishwoman's tribute to her matchless girl-sister, but rarer is there mention of figure, of grace of carriage; or so it was until the present generation of English young women bloomed on us.

By contrast, the American girl lays much stress on a fine figure, and, indeed, the climate of her native land is inhospitable to a good complexion, to the pretty, rosy English face. That dry American atmosphere parches the skin and takes the gloss out of hair, if it also assists vivacity, charm of manner, and the fine air of conquest which carries the American girl through the world. "My figure's my fortune, sir," she says, if ever she thinks of saying anything which would be self-conscious. That she is not: sometimes she hesitates, but she is never lost; and yet she can be awkward, in some ways unsure of herself, a result—may one venture to suggest?—of the brother-sisterly manner in which she is brought up. The American girl and the American boy go to school together, go out to work side

by side, are companions and friends in childhood, "good fellows" towards each other as they grow older. It is a new model in the relationship of the sexes, this brother-sisterliness; a system of, maybe, large human gains, and yet, on the other hand, of some losses.

It gains for a nation the strength a river has that flows in unbroken communion to the sea. On that tide every bark sails freely, bringing its argosy of ideas, its freight of effort, to be drawn upon for the common good. It was a great thing to say, in the language of the Declaration of American Independence, that all men are born equal before God. It has been a greater thing to hold that all men and women are born equal, and that they shall march forward together, brothers and sisters, in "the daily round, the common task." It was a working partnership which began when America was young and called all her human resources, men and women, to her development.

But there was bound to come a time when the losses of the gains would be felt, because the women of a country are its soul-keepers, and ought to be so regarded. What, in an individual or a community, are the elements of soul but wonder and faith and reverence? The renaissance of a lost wonder is the re-birth of spirituality, the recovery of one's soul. To sail with wonder, pursue faith, to be filled with reverence for both, you had better have a river which flows not always in single majesty, but in streams that run away from each other and return, gathering by this color, fragrance, spirituality, if they lose in material strength.

Yes, if the brother-sisterliness of America means plain and prosperous national sailing, may it not, for that very reason, mean missing the splendor of the storm? The perfume of mystery which fills the air between the sexes in the Old World means a want of comradeship, of an easy, delightful com-

munion which is platonic and beautiful. But does it not mean romance, sentiment, that something "which never was on sea or land," and which you miss in America? She has one voice that is still; still, anyhow, in many of her men, and among too many of her women, where it only needs to be cried into being. Sentimental America is to a degree; but how far has she sentiment?

The smallest, youngest American is a big patriot, wearing his flag on the lapel of his jacket, rejoicing in his country's spacious name. You watch him sailing away from her shores for the first time, and his sentimentality overflows in natural demonstrativeness. You wish, though, that the little fellow would burst into tears, which would be sentiment. During the weeks I was in America I never, I think, saw anybody in tears. That was tribute to her material well-being, to her abundant spirits, to the sureness with which she looks in her mirror of fate; and yet tears are from the heart. Ships that pass in the night, the gleam of a kindred soul through the "gloom" and the mirk," the flash of a laughing eye, like a kindly lighthouse—these are all good to meet; and there is even company in a human being in distress, in tears.

Now America is probably richer in her women than any other land, and is she quite—her men-folk, I mean—doing them justice? A surprising question! Perhaps, at the first sound of it; for what do American men not do for American women? They are all devotion and chivalry; they slave from morning till night; they pile up money so that my lady may spend it on beautiful clothes and in having a "good time." Model fathers, brothers, husbands—what would she have? Why, my dear American, yourself! More of your personal companionship, as well as your devotion; more talk from you,

small talk about the things which interest women, and fewer hours spent away in the office "down town." You must learn that your wife has a soul to keep alive, to cultivate as music to the spheres, as well as a body to keep beautiful. A swift automobile—your word for our motor-car—even if you have mortgaged your life insurance policy to buy it, is not enough; or, rather, it is too much. Perhaps it has not occurred to you that you are missing the real fragrance of life, and causing her to miss it also, which is even worse, because a woman has an inalienable right to those heights, however it be with a man. Gaining the whole world, and maybe losing your own soul and wasting a woman's, your wife's! Is the game worth that candle?

These are almost the words in which a brilliant American lady put, for my benefit, what she called the real, urgent woman question in America. "Our men," she added passionately, "spoil us with kindness, and yet undervalue us. They are, I'm sure, the best men in the whole world; but somehow in them there must be a particular survival of the barbaric idea that a woman's chief end is to be a beautiful plaything. They come home at night loaded, it may be, with a day's further riches, which are all for us if we like—for diamonds, for a season in Europe, for what will please us. But the bearers of those gifts are so utterly tired out in the winning of them that, after dinner, they can only go to sleep or to a vaudeville play. They bring the gifts, not the glad tidings, by which I mean, oh! that they would come home hours earlier, carrying fewer sheaves in the form of an increased bank balance, but the greater treasure of leisure to sit down beside us, their hands in ours, and talk the world and ourselves over." She added finely that she often thought with envy of a story of Robert Louis Stevenson and his wife: that they once

sat up all night talking, and never knew it until morning came.

By and by it may be so in America, where the women have a wit, a sparkle, and a way with them which might drive dull care as well as sleep away. They never miss the give and take of good dinner-table conversation, and one wishes that one had made a budget of the sweet and merry stories so heard beyond the Atlantic.

When history and wit meet, and both are new, they must be looked after as carefully as is the American girl under the brother-sisterly social system, which, with all its good comradeship, yet yields results that are sometimes artificial. Take the over-good, "unco' guid" heroine—as the Scots would say—of the average American novel, who is a brother-sisterly product. You think her an impossible being as you meet her, time and again, in the American story, for she sails blithely into impossible situations and blithely out of them. She takes every conceivable risk, flouting the chances which would destroy maidens of another race, and ever she wins triumphantly through. Which, you say, and the story of the world backs you up, is not real life. Clearly it is not, but spend a while in America, and you will understand the genesis of this winning heroine, her relationship to the Code American. Within it there are no risks, because she is an enthroned innocent; it is when she steps outside, and only then, that trouble may come, and this distinction is hard to show in a novel. So that heroine gets trying, uninteresting, when you have had a spell of her on paper, but in actuality she is never either, possibly because—well, because, after all, flesh and blood may not be just so coldly perfect as the American novelist would, on occasion, have us believe.

One great thing does flourish in the American heroine of fact and fiction: the characteristics which we associate

with Anglo-Saxon stock. And for all the alien people she has taken to her bosom, America still maintains that hall-mark. "Saxon and Dane and Norman we," but they are quickly made into American citizens, whose ideals are those spoken for long centuries by the English tongue. "Yes," said an Irish cabman whose first fare in America was a "Britisher" visiting Bunker's Hill, overlooking Boston: "yes, here's where we bate ye!"

Strange is the adaptability of men to a new nationship so vivid and vigorous as that of America; stranger still the persistence of type amid that vividness and vigor. We settled New England with a resolute band of rather dry, direct, purposeful middle-class men and women, in whom was no undue romance, who flouted gaiety as an unholy thing—Roundheads in spirit. They were a douce, well-living, hard-think-

ing company, sterling quality in all the sober virtues. We settled Virginia with men in whom romance and gaiety were a view of life, who preferred, when they could get it, joy to sorrow, who loved color, not severity—Cavaliers in spirit.

The American who knows his native land will tell you that these strains still persist where they were planted. You can yourself observe it. He will say, further, that they are, perhaps, the upper and nether mill-stones between which American character has been formed. Finally, he may add, in confidence, that therefore all is well for the future of a nation which is still only on the threshold of its greater glory. That is a happy last thought of the New English World, so generous in friendship memories, to carry home to the affectionate shores of the Old English World.

*James Milne.*

## TRAVEL MEMORIES AT THE ZOO.

Of all the thousands who passed the turnstiles of the Zoological Society's Menagerie at Regent's Park (more familiarly, the Zoo) during the past summer, ninety-nine out of every hundred probably went for a day's sightseeing in that general spirit of inquiry which has come down to us from the reign of Queen Victoria. There was no definite question in their minds as they passed from one paddock to the next. They did not regard the collection as a wonderful volume of object-lessons in the problems, practical or academic, of natural history. To them it was just an amusing assembly of birds and beasts from polar ice and tropical jungle, from the wind-swept steppes of Central Asia or the sweltering spaces of Sahara and Soudan. It was an animal parliament of the empire on which the sun never sets. In its lowest terms, it was a

happy family of beasts to throw buns and nuts to, or to enjoy rides on, as fancy might dictate.

With this schoolboy view of the menagerie no fault need be found. Yet to the maturer understanding the material available in that fenced corner of the Park is a wonderful epitome of the pageant of life. As a Zoo, it will compare favorably with any in the world. It is the fashion to depreciate English institutions, but I say unhesitatingly that of a dozen Zoos in my wanderings, embracing those of Paris, Marseilles, Berlin, Hamburg, Athens, Cairo, Sydney, Melbourne, New York, and San Francisco, there is none which is superior to it in every way, and there are few which have to contend with the same drawbacks of soil and climate. It cannot be gainsaid that each of these establishments may learn something

from the rest. Thanks to its soil and climate, for instance, the unpretentious little Zoo at Phalerum, a seaside suburb of Athens, can show half a dozen types in finer condition than in any other menagerie in Europe. In the Gizeh Zoo, at Cairo, Captain Flower has assembled a probably unique type-collection of North African animals. In the great menageries of America and Canada, which are more properly animal parks, space is the keynote; and whether in the Yellowstone Park, at Bronx, or at Banff, the national park of Canada, the animals are without doubt kept under more natural conditions than could be possible in the heart of European cities. There is, however, an objection to this excess of space. So long as the public pays for admission, the authorities cannot wholly ignore the spectacular aspect of the menagerie. I once spent a wet and wearisome afternoon stalking the wild buffalo in their enclosure in Canada's National Park, without once getting a glimpse of them, whereas the London Zoo, without unduly imprisoning its inmates, gives the public every facility for inspection of all but the incorrigibly nocturnal.

There is more than one standpoint from which the intelligent visitor may, with both profit and pleasure, study this unique series of living pictures illustrative of Nature's miracles of form and color. For the contemplation of the natural habits of the beasts and birds, the opportunities, under these artificial conditions, are necessarily very limited. We cannot learn from the Zoo how they secure their prey, how they fight their enemies, or how, where the risk of fighting is too great, they hide by mimicry or color-protection. Such aspects of their life-history may be studied, in an elementary course, at the museum in the Cromwell Road, but in their more advanced branches the only method is to study the animals in their natural haunts.

Yet the Zoo is an advanced text-book in other matters of natural history. The student of animal geography, for instance, may, with a little trouble and with frequent reference to the colored maps hung in the houses for the purpose, acquaint himself with the leading facts of distribution as expounded by Wallace and others, and may even arrive at some conclusion as to the absence of deer and bears from equatorial Africa, or the restriction of wild sheep north of the Equator. An even superficial survey of the cages will show him how poor the menagerie would be in big game unless it drew liberally on the African Continent, for it could then have neither hippopotamus nor giraffe, neither zebra nor wildebeeste, nor indeed any of the larger antelopes. He would realize the fuller meaning of those "vicarious" species which regions far apart send to this animal parliament: South America sending its rhea and huanaco to sit beside the ostrich and the camel; the New World contributing the puma and jaguar to balance the lion and leopard of the Old.

In more practical vein, he might pursue a course of study of the right food to give these exotic animals in captivity. From a silkworm to an elephant, he would here learn how to feed any "pet" animal; and it is to the advantage of the "pets" that such knowledge of their requirements be more widely diffused, since in many cases they suffer grievously from the ignorance of their owners. In some cases it is possible to continue the foreigner's natural diet; in others, some sort of substitute is inevitable, for we could not provide the polar bears with seals. Or, let us suppose this intelligent visitor to be interested in the living relations of our domestic animals. What a wealth of material is here to his hand: the zebras and wild asses for the horse, the wolves, jackals, and dingoes for the dog, the large and small cats, the wild pigs and sheep and

cattle, the last ranging from purely wild buffalo and gayal to the "wild" white park cattle of Vaynol, and of Chillingham. As a more popular subject for systematic study at the Zoo, I would suggest an extended survey of the infinite variety of animal form, endeavoring to furnish answers to a hundred questions touching the stature of the giraffe, the massive proportions of the hippopotamus, the trunk and small eye of the elephant, the large ears of the fennec, the quills on the fretful porcupine. These are but a few of the simplest problems, to which the answers are obvious; but there are others more fascinating by reason of their difficulty.

Such and other equally attractive speculations will no doubt suggest themselves in the course of an intelligent ramble round the Zoo; but for the traveller—for him who has trekked in every continent amid the haunts of the wild—there is a nameless fascination about this queerly peopled enclave in a modern city, which the stay-at-home folk are debarred from sharing. In the presence of these other travellers, of these beasts and birds exiled from their distant homes to draw gaping crowds, he visits anew the lands of his wanderings. It is like turning the faded leaves of old diaries, a pageant of half-dead memories, where some chance word conjures up scenes, companions, emotions that can never come again. As I walk from one end of the Zoo to the other, it is like retracing my steps over fifty thousand miles of Odyssey. It is as if I stood on the magic carpet and were borne across oceans and continents to fierce suns and northern snows, to scenes peopled with strange races and echoing barbarous tongues. Obviously, since the animals have not been arranged to suit my own itineraries, there is a lack of continuity about the retrospect, but even the sensation of being snatched from the Australian bush to the swamps of Florida,

then back to the valley of the Jordan and *via* the Atlas Mountains to the coast of California, is not unpleasing.

Standing before the enclosure of the prolific aoudads, I see myself once again, ten years younger in enthusiasm, tolling fruitlessly in the High Atlas, rifle slung, binoculars searching every ledge, in the vain hope of bagging a good head. With me are half a dozen Moors, leading the mules and my horse. Two of the men are scraggy soldiers furnished (at my expense) by a paternal Vizier, lest I should come to harm at the hands of certain turbulent tribesmen alleged to infest these passes. Of mountaineers, however, I see none, except the peaceful retainers of my host, the Kaid of Gundafi; and, what is infinitely more distressing, I see no aoudad. Four thousand and eight hundred feet, reckoned by a carefully adjusted aneroid, I clamber above sea-level and find no creature bigger than a marmot. When, unrequited and disgusted, I get back to the nearest seaport some days later, I am told by an official that another two hundred feet would have brought me in the midst of aoudads as thick as rabbits. I am too tired to argue the point, but my binoculars swept altitudes to probably six thousand feet without a sign of life stirring at the edge of the abyss. Contemplating these captive African sheep in their corral, with more than one good head among them, I am also moved to curious reflections on the strange magnetism of sport. Here they are tamer far than farm sheep, and so one would resent the bare suggestion of violence; yet away there in the mountains that shut out the cruelty of the Sahara from the Middle Sea, I would cheerfully have knocked one off its perch had the fates been kinder.

So, too, the wild boar, grunting and routing in its pen, brings back a howling crowd of Arab beaters driving pig to the spears of the European colony

at the April meeting of the Tangier Tent Club out at Charf-el-Akab. Once more I hear the wild cries of Halluf! Halluf! Allah! Allah! Allah! Once more I see a Spanish duke (he was also a grandson of Balfe and an old Etonian) racing an Indian colonel for the glory of first spear, only to find that, in the thick undergrowth, they had been riding down a huge old sow, and to draw rein at the discovery.

Memories come crowding thick upon me in the Reptile House; and now I am in Africa, now in Florida, now in far Australia. A little crowd of admiring rustics press round the chameleon's quarters as the keeper tempts it, with the lure of mealworms, to display the lightning action of its tongue. The fortunate reptile reminds me of another less enviable. I am on board a homeward-bound steamer off the coast of Africa. A missionary joined us at the last port, with a large chameleon that he had bought, just before coming on board, for a young nephew at home. He asks me how to feed it, and I suggest some of the live flies, numbering about five thousand, in the saloon. But the good man deprecates such cruelty, particularly as setting a bad example to the children on board, and, bent on the conversion of the unfortunate chameleon to gentler appetites, he makes it some bread and milk. As the reptile seems wanting in appreciation, he dips its head in the saucer; and when this also fails to whet its jaded palate, he leaves the saucer in its box and we go down to tiffin. When we come on deck again, the chameleon has fallen into the saucer. Three days later it dies, probably of starvation, as, although, like all reptiles, it can go long periods, particularly when transplanted to a colder climate, without food, we are now in an African summer, and its appetite is active and needs support. The Protector of the Flies buries it at sea, and for the remainder of the voyage he and I

are engaged in brisk debate on the folly of attempting to edit Nature.

Turning from this sad memory, I stand before the cage in which, irritated by the keeper, a large rattlesnake is making the music which, in other circumstances, might sing of death, and the sound recalls my one and only capture of one of these deadly creatures in an implement that I should certainly not have selected with such an object. The scene of the encounter is a tangled little island in Florida, far up Charlotte Harbor. It is the middle of May, and a burning afternoon, with mocking-birds sobbing in the thicket, and I am out with a butterfly-net, prowling after rarities, when, turning a bend, I come suddenly on the "rattler" coiled up and ready to strike. I all but tread on that glistening spiral, and am in slippers! One moment, my heart is in my mouth; the next, the snake is under the net and, having broken off half the handle, I am aiming blows at the angry little head that darts in all directions with quivering tongue and fangs bared. The natives, both white and colored, had previously sworn that there was not a venomous snake in the island. Their piccaninies, in fact, always played about around the shacks barefooted. When I walk past with my trophy proudly dangling, they profess astonishment. Next day the piccaninies are once more playing barefoot. They are more sure that the snakes are gone than ever they were!

Nor are my memories of Florida ended in this tour of the Reptile House, for, leaning over the alligator-tank and looking down on the scaly cruel-eyed monsters basking motionless as museum specimens in the afternoon sun, I recall a famous alligator-hunt on a neighboring island, in which, under the guidance of natives, a score of us took part, armed with axes, rifles, and other weapons, yet without inflicting more serious damage on the alligator tribe

than the abduction of two infants, which I subsequently gave to the Zoo. And there, in fact, mightily grown since I took them from their native swamp, they still flourish. On the other side of the Reptile House are the great pythons, and one of these, since deceased, I brought home fifteen years ago from Australia, nursing it through two cold nights in the Bay in my own bunk, sewn up in a flannel bag to keep its teeth off my person.

Now and again, in this walk around the Zoo, it is a voice, a sudden scream stabbing the air, which brings its memories of other scenes. The bark of a sea-lion sends me in a trice to the rocky islands on the coast of California, where, amid the gardens of kelp and corallines, and close to the charmed grounds where anglers do battle with tuna and yellowtail, these animals, strictly protected by the State, have their stronghold. The blood-curdling whine of a jackal recalls moonlight nights on the mystic shores of Anatolia, when, fishing in my little caique in the Gulf of Ismidt, with the glory of the moon over sea and sky, I would listen to the jackals howling in the foothills, and know that, according to the Turkish belief, the weather would keep fine on the morrow. Then comes the clear metallic note of a bell-bird, bringing back over the gap of years my first picnic on the banks of the Hawkesbury, Australia's Rhine, where first I listened to its curious voice.

Wandering carelessly, and without preconceived plan, amid the creatures in the Zoo, I fight the old battles again and live through many a day's fishing in distant seas. The pelicans bring back the silvery flash of tarpon in the Gulf of Mexico; the penguins, deep-sea

fishing under the lee of some islands not far from Tasmania, where, when sport was slack, we used to fire a blank cartridge for the pleasure of seeing thousands of these grotesque little birds drop off their ledges into the water. Even a badger, though a British specimen, reminded me the other day that the last living badger I set eyes on was offered to me by an Arab boy on the road between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea. The lowest, as well as the highest, the unsightly as well as the beautiful, all have their memories. Even a scorpion, lurking in its flower-pot in the Insect House, transports me back to the Vizier's Palace in Morocco City—that Vizier is long dead, and his Palace levelled with the ground—and to an audience with Hamed Ben Moussa, in his day the worst-feared man in all Morocco, at which, on learning my intention of taking scorpions home in my luggage, the tears of laughter ran down his face, and he asked some one present whether I was mentally afflicted!

It is a strange sense of fellowship with these comfortable exiles, who know not homesickness, that the retrospect of long wanderings brings in its train. This is the fuller meaning of the Zoo for those who have looked behind the ranges, who have done homage to the high places in the Caucasus and in the Rockies, who have drawn rein beside the sacred Jordan and in the shadow of giant sequoias in California, who have known the sadness of the Australian bush, the mystery of the African desert, the glamour of West Indian nights. Here is a charm which has no meaning for those who have taken Maeterlinck's advice and sought the Blue Bird of happiness at home.

*F. G. Aftalo.*

The Cornhill Magazine.

## THE SEVERINS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

*Author of "The Kinsman," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER XII.

Michael let Bob take him down to the sands and show him where, as he said, he had been drowned that morning. The dog and the dog's master were there too, and Bob effected the introduction his brother desired. While Bob threw sticks and seaweed into the sea for the retriever's pleasure and his own, the two men discussed the event of the morning, and Michael found, as he expected, that Deminski's exhibition of gross cowardice was the talk of the place. Every one who had seen what happened had seen that he could have rescued the child without danger to himself. Half a dozen strokes would have taken them into shallow water.

"I sent my dog in and waded in myself to meet them," said the young doctor; "it was the easiest thing. All the same, if no one had been near, the boy would have been drowned. He went under twice, and was a good deal dazed for a time. The fellow simply turned tail and ran away."

Michael listened and did not say much; but he discovered that the doctor's name was Lloyd, that he was here for a holiday, was fond of sailing, and would be delighted to spend next day in a boat with Michael and Bob; so Bob walked home in ecstasy, till a sudden thought cast a shadow on his spirits.

"I say!" he cried, and stopped short in the narrow path right in front of Michael's feet.

"Get on, Bob," said Michael mechanically. He was thinking, but whenever he walked abroad with Bob he had to say "Get on" or "Come on" every other minute.

"But I must ask you a question," said Bob. "Will Deminski come with us to-morrow?"

"No."

"Will he go away to-morrow?"

"I hope so."

"I never want to see him again; do you?"

"Not much," admitted Michael.

"But what will Selma do without him?"

"Oh, shut up," said Michael, but the question put by the boy was the question weighing on the man's mind. When Selma had heard that Deminski had received his dismissal from her brother she had only spoken one word—only uttered her brother's name in a voice of tragic expostulation and reproach. But Michael understood that he would have to reckon with her, and that of all his family she was the most unmanageable. On that memorable Sunday evening when he had first met Deminski and had seen the man dancing and fiddling with his sisters, he had observed that Selma was out of spirits because Clotilda occupied the stage more conspicuously than she did. Two of his sisters were strongly attracted by the man. They took his windy talk for gospel, his flashy cleverness for genius, his easy emotions for sympathy, his impudence for wit. Mrs. Severin, by fits and starts, was as much under his spell as they were, and although she had at one time seemed to see that her daughters were going to the devil, she walked with them as if the path pleased her. Of late she had treated Deminski as if he was her son, and Michael supposed that she had even forgiven him his desertion of Bob as a mother forgives one child when it falls in its care of another. It would not be easy to ride roughshod over his womenfolk and put their idol out of doors, especially while the idol was art-

You'l

ful enough to cling tearfully to their apron-strings. Even a disclosure of his designs on Clotilda would probably not weaken his hold. He would rant about his noble motives, his courageous soul, the sin and folly of the marriage laws, and the altitudes to which Clotilda might have risen if she had defied convention and followed him; while Mrs. Severin would listen with the want of imagination that condones because it fails to see. Clotilda and Bob had both escaped, so a recital of their danger affected her less than Deminski's bandage. A headache that required a bandage was a calamity she could bewail and understand.

When Michael and Bob got back to the cottage the headache seemed to be better. Deminski sat at supper with the ladies, and Michael felt as he joined them that his own presence cast a disturbing shadow of dislike and criticism. He was right and Deminski was wrong, by every canon of conduct that separates men from monkeys; but that seemed to make no difference. They would have been happier and easier without him. However, that could not be helped. He sat down, ate his supper, talked cheerfully to his mother, and as soon as he could, escaped to the garden to smoke. But just before he got up Bob had spoken of the sailing boat to be hired next day and of the long journey Michael, Dr. Lloyd, and he proposed to make by water: to Pendrevy he said they meant to go if they had fine weather and a fair wind. Deminski had changed countenance when Dr. Lloyd was mentioned, and had said that he could not understand any one putting his foot into a boat except when driven to it by necessity, but that as long as Bob did not expect him to make one of the party . . . and Bob had stared at him with a child's steady unblinking eyes and had said:

"You couldn't go anyhow, could you? You'll be on your way to London."

"Shall I?" said Deminski, looking offended at once.

"Who told you so?" said Selma.

"Michael," said Bob. "At least he said he thought so."

Michael pushed back his chair, got up, and went outside. Two or three deck chairs were on the small lawn in front of the cottage, and he sat down in one of them and began to smoke. At first he was alone, and he sat there quietly enjoying the summer night. Then Bob joined him, and presently Camilla came to fetch Bob to bed. Soon after their departure some one else came across the grass and sat down near Michael. He had to shift his chair slightly to see who it was, and when he saw Selma he guessed that the hour of reckoning was immediately before him. It was a soft warm night, with the light of a rising moon in a dappled sky. The sound of waves breaking gently on the flat sands reached them with a soothing murmur; now and then a dog barked in the distance; at long intervals a farmer's cart lumbered by.

Michael was enjoying his pipe and the peace around him, but he was disturbed by Selma's brooding silence. He knew her well enough to guess that it preceded a storm. Presently, as he expected, it broke.

"What a brute you are, Michael!" she said in a low angry voice.

It is rather difficult for a man like Michael to answer a remark of this violence when it is made by a young woman. There was not a brutal fibre in his friendly, honest, rather sensitive nature. He had the convictions and the fastidious taste of an upbringing that is cleanly, hard, and narrow. His experience had been of men and affairs. He had consorted with men, dealt with men, lived and played with men. When he had met women of his own class it had been on the plane of polite friendship that society spreads like a carpet

of thin ice above the depths of human intercourse. He had never quarrelled with a woman, or been set over one in authority, or felt called to interfere with one to save her from her folly. He was old-fashioned enough to believe in the ethereal goodness of good women, and when he read modern novels or saw modern plays in which women lie to men, cringe to men, and yet hunt men down he disbelieved and shuddered. Poor Michael! As Selma said, he was absurdly out of date. For his unusual success in business had left him socially rather simple. To be wholly absorbed in his work does sometimes affect a man in this way. So when Selma called him a brute he wished himself back in India, where he had disturbing letters from his family but no unpleasant personal interviews with them. He did not ask Selma what she meant, because he felt sure that he knew. She was angry because he had told Deminski to leave the house.

"One has to be a brute sometimes," he said.

"I don't see why."

"No; you wouldn't."

"I call it brutal as well as rude to answer like that."

"It's both," admitted Michael. "Let's talk of something else."

"To hunt the poor man out of the house because for the first time in his life his nerve failed him."

"Is that what he says?"

"No. I say it, because I know him. Who are you to judge and condemn your fellow-men? Have you ever been tried? Are you sure that your own nerve would never fail you?"

Michael's memories lighted his eyes with an irony his sister could interpret. "Have you ever saved any one's life?" she asked.

"Never mind that. I really can't stand this Deminski a day longer."

"He is your mother's friend."

"He left her child to drown like a rat this morning."

"Is that the only thing you have against him?"

"No."

"What other crime has he committed?"

"I'm afraid I can't tell you," said Michael, who did not know how much or how little Selma understood about Clotilda's plan of elopement.

"I don't suppose you can," said his sister.

"Does Mr. Deminski want to stay after I have told him quite plainly to go?" asked Michael, and his eyes, amused, contemptuous, and serene, turned inquiringly to Selma.

"Sophia and I have not told him to go," she said angrily. "He does not recognize your right to lay down the law. He has no more belief than I have in allowing more authority to the male than the female. Nature made us equal."

"But if I'm your equal, I ought to have a voice in matters," said Michael. "You don't play fair, Selma."

"Where is the poor fellow to go if we turn him out?"

"Where does he usually go?"

"He has always shared rooms with the Kremisks. . . . I mean with Kremski and Marie Petersen . . . but they are in Paris now."

"Well . . . London is large," said Michael, unmoved. "Anyhow, what he does and where he goes is no concern of ours."

"How little you know me," said Selma. "Your unkindness and injustice only stir my friendship for him to the depths."

"Then the less you see of him the better," said Michael.

"He is short of money," Selma continued. "He has just enough to take him to Paris if he stays on here for a week of two. Sophia offered to lend him some when he told her this, but he

said that if you kicked him out of the house he would break with us all, and that rather than borrow a sixpence he would throw himself into the sea."

"Well," said Michael, "I don't think there's much fear of that after this morning."

Selma flung herself out of her chair in a tantrum.

"I shall tell him to go," she cried, "and if he wishes I shall go with him. When we come to our last penny there is the sea for us both. But we shall die with light in our souls, a light that has never shone in yours."

Michael rose too, and detained his sister by grabbing at one of her arms. He did this because she was running off and he had something more to say; but she seemed to think it an iniquitous exercise of masculine strength. At any rate, she first tried to snatch her arm violently from him, and when he did not let it go she stood there as if she was petrified, a figure of stone with a highly offended countenance.

"Sit down again, Selma," said Michael, and this time he spoke with anger that overcame hers by its greater force. She obeyed him.

"You can't know what this man is," he said in a low voice.

"I suppose you are thinking about Clotilda," she said gloomily. "I know all about that, but I blame Clotilda. She leads men on."

"You know!" exclaimed Michael; and yet you are ready to excuse the man—to shelter him—to—oh, it's impossible—unless you are out of your senses, Selma."

"I have just told you that I blame Clotilda, as far as I blame any one—Clotilda first, and then Tom. He ought to have known what she was and kept her with him, since he regards marriage as a permanent institution. I don't, so I naturally can't look at the affair from your point of view. I am glad Tom turned up, partly because Clo-

tilda and Nicholas are not really suited to each other. They would have quarrelled in a week. Of course I knew they were going away together. I told Tom so when I met him."

"What do you mean by saying that marriage is not a permanent institution?" said Michael, made vaguely uneasy by hearing a girl as handsome, headstrong, and ignorant of life as his sister repeat such a shibboleth.

"It ought not to be," she said; "it ought to end when love ends. Besides, I don't see how an enlightened woman can marry at all under the existing marriage laws. Nothing would induce me to."

"What's the matter with the laws?" said Michael.

"It is waste of time to talk to you," cried Selma. "One might as well talk to one's grandfather. You have no eyes for what is coming. I shall advise Nicholas to stay on. I suppose you won't come to blows. I suppose you don't feel bound to assault a man because his ideas are wider than your own."

Michael got up. "I'll speak to my mother about it," he said and went into the house.

Deminski must have heard or seen him, for directly the chance came he tiptoed into the garden and sat down beside Selma.

"What a terrible day it has been," he said fretfully. "Horrible from beginning to end. I doubt whether I can ever be happy here again. Your brother's dislike affects me painfully. I cannot expand in his presence. I shrivel and shiver. Why did he come?"

"I wish he had stayed in India," said Selma.

"What have you been saying to him?"

"It's no use saying anything. He is the most insular person I have ever met—and the most obstinate."

"I suppose that means that I must go. In fact, I have been discussing the

question with your mother. I thought I would find out what she wished and abide by it. I told her that as a gentleman I could do no less."

"What did she say?"

"That she considers Michael master of the house—always her *cliché* in a dilemma—and that he is the best of sons; but that she regards me as at least a nephew, and that she would not hurt my feelings for the world. You know what happens when one tries to get a decisive opinion out of your mother."

"It is impossible," said Selma.

"However, she ended by giving me ten pounds for a birthday present."

"But it isn't your birthday?"

"It will be in November," said Deminski.

"That certainly means that she will give in to Michael," said Selma.

"I don't see how she can help it. When I go upstairs to-night I shall pack my bag, and to-morrow it will be good-bye—for ever."

"But—why—for ever?" whispered Selma after a moment of panic-stricken silence.

"I shall be in Paris and you in London, and when I come to London I cannot enter your house. My pride forbids it."

"But I hope to come to Paris this winter."

"Your brother will never allow it."

"He cannot prevent it. I am my own mistress."

"But you have no money."

"Then I must earn some. You might find me work in Paris."

"What sort of work?"

"Oh—I could teach English—and singing—and painting—and German if

*The Times.*

any one wanted it—till I began to sell pictures. Here comes Sophia."

"The grass is very damp," said Mrs. Severin, making her way slowly towards them. "I came to warn you. It is bad for your neuralgia, Nicholas, and it is such misery to travel with neuralgia. Would you like sandwiches to-morrow, or will you have lunch on the train?"

Both Deminski and Selma gave a little mirthless laugh.

"So I am to go, dear Mrs. Severin," said Deminski in a sad cooling voice and holding one of the lady's hands in his while he stroked it, "That is decided?"

"I am very sorry that you and Michael are not friends," said Mrs. Severin, "but it's of no use to ask me to set my will against his. How I come to have such determined children as Michael and Selma and Bob I can't tell. I suppose it's heredity somewhere. I hope you will get on, dear Nicholas, and mind you write often."

"Then you forgive me my sins, though your son can't?" said Deminski bitterly.

"I always forgive every one everything," said Mrs. Severin amiably. "We can't all be alike and we can't all be heroes; I said so to Michael, but it made no impression. I'm afraid he is rather hard. The English manner is very misleading. He seems so lazy and good-natured."

"So he is till you cross him," said Selma; "then you come to rock. But that must be primitive Michael. All that England has done for him is to narrow his mind, blind his eyes, and wither his soul."

"Hear, hear," said Deminski.

*(To be continued.)*

## WANTED — A GILLRAY.

The lover of illustration—that is, of pictorial expression of ideas in the widest sense of the word, of the graphic art that is designed for multiplication by whatever process—who knows what a force in morals, manners, and polemics the graver has been, who is familiar with the course, development and effect of graphic satire in our own history, and has handled with admiration and affection the strong, telling, and often beautiful work of the Georgian caricaturists (which forms a mass of social satire for talent and power and contemporary influence perhaps unsurpassed in any country and period), cannot but be struck by two facts, which, falling together as they do, present a curious paradox.

How was it that, in an age when reproduction of the artist's line was laborious and expensive, when even the printed word was strictly limited in circulation and lent no assistance to acquaintance with the sister art of expression, and when the caricaturist was dependent for publicity on the print-seller's window, such immense popularity and weight attached to the political attacks, for instance, of a Hogarth or a Sandby, enforcing the financial patronage of Ministers, and that Gillray, tremendous as he was, could become the valued ally of a Pitt and the particular joy and encouragement of a nation in its struggle?

Whereas—and here is the completion of the puzzle—in a day when the draughtsman's work is reproduced with absolute exactness, multiplied with facility and cheapness, and distributed broadcast as lavishly as leaves in autumn, it has lost its intensity of purpose so completely that, since the retirement of Sir John Tenniel, it may be said that a languid public has shut its eyes to the active and living

possibility of art in public affairs?

A contemporary of Gillray wrote:

I well remember when the daily loungers on the eastern sides of Bond Street and St. James's Street, upon approaching Humphrey's shop in the latter, had to quit the pavement for the carriage-way, so great was the crowd which obstructed the footpath to look at Gillray's caricatures.

Another witness wrote:

The period of dread of foreign and domestic enemies has passed away, and we verily believe that it is due to the satiric pencil of Gillray. . . .

And again, *à propos* of the famous cartoon of the King of Brobdingnag and Gulliver:

Strange as it may appear, this playful effort of the pencil of our caricaturist had a wondrous effect upon the opinions of the common people of England. Bonaparte had been painted to their imaginations by his admirers in the country clothed with terror. . . . John Bull laughed at his pigmy effigy strutting in the hand of good King George. When this well-conceived satire upon the braggadocio-invader first appeared the heads of the gazers before the shop-windows of Mrs. Humphrey were thrust over one another and wedged close, side by side. Nothing could be more amusing than to listen to the remarks of the crowd. It was this print which procured for the mighty chief the lasting title of *Little Boney*, in which familiar designation all the terror of his former name seemed to be entirely swallowed up and forgotten.

Gillray's vogue was, of course, enormous, and the coaches carried his Napoleonic prints to the remotest parts of the country, where they told their tale more forcibly than the London letter. But though in the shadow of the Corsican ogre the people sought relief in the robust and highly colored patri-

otism of Gillray, beyond that the pictorial anecdote, the pictured reflection of every kind of folly and fashion, new notion or old prejudice, infringement of old rights, infliction of new wrongs, attitude of public men to public questions, the doings of the great and the sayings of the small, produced and sustained a small army of draughtsmen, whose work filled the print-shops of Bowles, Laurie, Brotherton, Overton, and Fores, and many more, who, with the limited means of distribution at their disposal, found a more avid public than they could cope with, and a public that not only bought but treasured the engravings that took their fancy. I have in my possession a handful of such prints which have come down to me as family possessions, probably bought from contemporary interest in the subjects treated. And so it was in thousands of households, whose cheaply acquired treasures now find their way constantly into the market.

What a wealth of fine work was poured out in those days! It still forms the stock of our print-sellers, and long as it has attracted the collector, the satirical representations of their time by Rowlandson, Bunbury, Dighton, Isaac Cruikshank, Sayer, Ansell, Robertson, and others, still swarm at every old book-shop. That Gillray's boldness and savagery, however good his cause, brought nothing worse on him than the negligible attacks of hired partisans in the windows of opposition print-shops was due, no doubt, to his immense popularity; the magnanimous Fox could admire and buy the cruel lampoons directed against himself and his friends.

These draughtsmen of the Georgian era drew on copper, or were engraved by other hands. Gillray, of course, was an etcher, and laid his ideas down on the copper with very little preliminary. (We note with astonishment the amount of portraiture, but the town

was small in those days, and Gillray often notes *ad vivum*.) Rowlandson also, but Bunbury was dependent.

The prints, hand-printed naturally, were given to a staff of colorists who sat waiting to turn the penny plain into the two-penny colored, and the publisher's announcement in chief was the exhibition of the work in the small panes of his shop-window.

What was the force that overcame these restricted circumstances and passed these telling satires from hand to hand as far as the Tweed?

In a hundred years' time what will be left of the work of to-day?

I think the question is of such great interest as to make excusable some attempt at an appreciation of what I will call current black-and-white work, though what I exclude is such pictorial art as rests entirely on its artistic merit. My rough definition, then, would include, *e.g.*, poster-work, however violently colored, and exclude, *e.g.*, the Yellow Book, since I for one do not admit the claim made for Beardsley that "he lashed the follies of his day."

I think it must be admitted that this graphic art in the twentieth century nowhere touches the life, thought and activities of the people.

When one states a rule the exceptions are expected to follow. The first exception I have already touched. The poster is the prominent evidence of the impressment of art into the service of trade. It is a commercial age, and to commerce art looks for patronage. Here is one point, then, where it touches our activities—though unwillingly, I imagine, and not often pleasingly, though there are signs of its increasing reconciliation to fate. Again, at election times the cartoon makes its appearance; but its purpose, though in touch with life, is so nearly divorced from art that I will not dwell on it. If the election agent employed some of our postermen for his appeal to the pop-

place he would play an interesting experiment, and probably a remunerative one.

The workers for woman suffrage have exhibited some clever and telling cartoons, and drawn by women; and the last election showed some better work in this kind—for instance, the airship cartoon of the Anti-Veto party, with indignant peers laying claim to the invaded atmosphere. But the most powerful drawing I saw at that time could not find publishers. It needed a moment's thought, and must wait till thought is abreast.

My third exception is different in kind and degree. Mr. Punch is still with us, going strong and well, I am glad to say. I am not among those who say that *Punch* is not as good as it used to be, so no one has had the opportunity of retorting on me that "it never was." But I venture to think that it is its letterpress that sustains it for the moment. *Punch* of to-day is readable. Old *Punches* are not. I am an earnest student of the "comic press" as far away as Paris is, and farther, and I will uphold the wits of Mr. Punch against any newer humorists across any waters; but it is my belief and contention that the people want pictures, and that Mr. Punch has seen his great cartoonist go, and makes no effort to fill the void, or, at any rate, has not filled it, does so far weaken his claim to make pictorial satire a living thing that the period of relapse—the relapse that set in after Hogarth and after Gillray; George Cruikshank being, I suppose, the connecting-link until 1841—seems almost on us once more. Mr. Sambourne and Mr. Partridge illustrate<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Linley Sambourne no longer, alas! The singular and, I think, great style of this decorative draughtsman was a strong factor in the individuality of "*Punch*," and the student of modern black-and-white work will trace his influence almost as far as that of May or Beardsley. I have been personally indebted to him for very kindly advice, and rejoice in the possession of a fine bit of work from his pen. Now that it is still, our need is the more urgent.

many an excellent idea, but the cartoon is the *métier* of neither. The latter is a *genre* artist, the former a master of decorative composition. Mr. Partridge has the more actuality, but we feel that he is forcing himself. Mr. Reed's political portrait work amuses his admirers, but they enjoy his prehistoric peeps still more. He is of the Stone Age, not of ours. The comedy of society is sustained by Mr. Pegram, who has given us some delicious drawings, by Mr. Lewis Baumer—I wish he would look at the work of the younger de Monvel in the *Vie Parisienne*—by Messrs. Townshend, Raven-Hill, and some others who come and go.

The best political caricaturist in the field is Sir Francis Carruthers Gould. I believe he furnishes his own matter, which is half the battle; but he can draw no more than Mr. Reed, so loses much weight of metal. The same perverse mischance clogs the pencil of Mr. Beerbohm, who has the essence of caricature in him more than any other man. His work, moreover, is infrequent and special, but of a high order, in spite of some disabilities.

Many illustrated papers—all the illustrated papers, pretty well—have arisen, born of the process block, since *Punch* came into a delighted world, and more and more scope has been given to the black-and-white artist; but when we turn to them for the satirical or earnest element so much desired, lo! here is a comic Press indeed! A devastating comicality! dominated by the red-nose and big-boot school of Messrs. Hassall, Tom Browne,<sup>2</sup> and Aldin. We turn to the staler weeklies and find square yards of most instructed and conscientious work given to "The crowd at Boulter's Lock in the season," "Mr. Balfour speaking at the Mansion House," or to "The earthquake at Messina"—imaginative, but in the wrong sense;

<sup>2</sup> I note with regret the death (March 1910) of this capable draughtsman and painter.

and illustrations to tales, imaginative in no sense at all.

For saying these things I have no doubt that I shall incur rebuke. Indeed, I have been rebuked already by the editor of one of these weeklies for my "unpatriotic" views of our graphic artists. He dwelt on the sound and trained ability of his men (which I never denied), and recounted how such a one, if shut in a room for three hours with the necessary instruction, would turn out a splendid piece of work illustrating—I forget what—I think a battle in Manchuria.

"What more can you want?" he asked pathetically. "Could your Forain"—we had been speaking of the *Comédie Parisienne*—"could your Forain do as much?"

I said that it was my belief Forain could do even that, but that if approached he would possibly suggest that a man on the spot with a camera could do the job more cheaply and expeditiously and infinitely better. And I was bold enough to say that I believed that the recognition of this by the *Sphere*, for instance, had been of value to that paper.

My friend was not the editor of the *Sphere*, but we parted friends. I have no doubt he knows much more about his business than I do, and I am quite sure that he will do better for his paper than to take any advice of mine. But I do not think that a man of ability should be shut in a room to draw pictures of events he has never seen. He is supposed to be conveying a fact. There is only one way of conveying such facts, and that is *ad vivam*. When he draws shut in a room, let him draw an idea—let him work out an ideal. And here it is, in my humble opinion, that we touch nothingness.

It is the idea that is wanting.

Let me make myself clear. There is plenty of beautiful and imaginative work done here in the book world. An-

ning-Bell, Housman, Ricketts, Sullivan, Rackham, Slime, and many more, are names that call up, each in turn, an individual vision of work beautiful, curious, sombre, graceful, mirthful, or grotesque. The list of names might be greatly extended. But this work is embroidery. It does not stand alone; it clings about the corresponding fancy and creation of the makers of verse and prose. And it looks as if all our best men had taken refuge in this still atmosphere and left the world of actualities to get on without their help. Whom have we to attend to our daily needs? These are gone to adorn a tale, but who is left to point a moral? *Punch* without a cartoonist, and the unwearying illustrator of the great Golf joke. Oh that caddie with his hand for ever over his grinning mouth! He has pointed his moral long enough. I suppose it is the folly of not learning golf in one's youth?

And there are the capable subordinates of my friend the editor, who have to content themselves with pointing their pencils.

"Master of Life," he cried, desponding, "Must our lives depend on these things?"

Looking round for an illustration, though I disclaim it as an example, the most live and prominent black-and-white work to be seen at the moment—alive in the sense I attach to the word of being prominent and active and polemical, and playing a part in the expression of fermenting, formed, or formative ideas—is the Parisian journal *L'Assiette au Beurre*. The nature and purpose of this unseemly publication will bear explaining in seemly words, if I can manage it.

First as to the title. To be in the "Butter Plate" is, I take it, to have one's hand in the public purse, to be in Government pay; and, by extension, to belong not only to the titled, landed, or

official classes, as our directories say, but to be a moneyed person or one in authority in any walk of life. The field is wide enough, but the *Assiette* lays waste with fire and sword far beyond these limits. Its iconoclasm is savage, brutal—nay, beastly. Let us say the worst of it at once. The pages are literally daubed with the blood of its victims, or as nearly as sanguine ink can render it. It only cannot be called indecent because it is stark. Its "rough sketch of man is far too naked to be shamed." And surface nakedness does not satisfy it. It tears its victims open and scatters its pages with their eviscerated remains. It sticks at nothing. It reverences nothing in heaven and fears nothing in hell. But by those whose feelings I may have already outraged by this brief recital let one thing be accounted for virtue to the *Assiette*. It has never published anything pornographic. There is nothing in its thick volumes that a prurient eye could gloat upon. And it takes for its enemy-in-chief the strongest combination of consolidated and established human power the earth holds—the solid *bloc* of the Army, the Church, and the Law, the triple alliance that in the eyes of international Socialism crushes the hopes of mankind.

And with this I will leave the morality of its business, which does not concern me, and speak of its art.

Since its foundation in 1900 the *Assiette* has pressed into its service every pencil of note working in Paris, and what notable exceptions there are, and a few occur to mind, seem to show the extraordinary wealth of talent flourishing in this golden age of black-and-white work in France, when a list of collaborators such as this paper can point to should still leave many men unused.

Forain, with his scorching satire and stern, bitter, and pathetic; Léandre, the magnificent characterization; Steinlen,

greatest of the caricaturists; Bernard Naudin, with his beautiful and terrible drawings of the condemned under the military law; Willette, delicate and poisonous; Weber, gross, earthy, and joyous; Jossot, the eccentric; Kupka and Hradecky, with their nightmare personifications of heavily seated capitalism and authority; Camara and d'Ostoya, the portrait-caricaturists; Hermann Paul, George Dupuis, Vogel, and a host of men equally capable, each in turn fills the sixteen pages with the individual expression of his *sève indigénée*—the subject he sees in red. They succeed one another, vigorous and untired, week after week, year after year. A number is ordinarily given to a single man, though it was not so at the commencement. He works in what medium seems good to him—crayon, ink, wash, paint—and the engraver follows him. Photo-lithography is chiefly employed, I fancy, though I speak without knowledge, and I am told that the simplicity of the plant is surprising.

That these men's hands are against everything is no more than to say that the power of satire lies in the attack. The satirist is not nourished on defence. The satirist in Government pay—and we have seen the experiment tried in our own history—is but a combative animal chained by the neck and baited by free adversaries. His jaws are muzzled, his claws cut. Conceive of a Voltaire in the pay of Clericalism, a Swift hired to further the acceptance of Wood's halfpence, a Hogarth persuaded to shut his eyes to the rake's progress and marriage *à la mode*, a Gillray in the pay of the Whigs,<sup>3</sup> a Cruikshank in defence of the brewers. If satire is to act as a potent weapon in the armory of reform and to hang, an unruined trophy, in the pictorial or literary museum of a people's history

<sup>3</sup> It will be said that Gillray was in the pay of the Tories. But other influences worked with him.

when its old wounds are healed, it must be allowed its swing.

It is an art. It is not to be controlled.

Separate much of the purpose of the *Assiette* and more of its method; make allowance for the intense heat of partisan feeling always exhibited in France, and the mutual intolerance of parties, which, pursued into private life, drags back into publicity the most intimate relationships of family existence; grant the grave faults of unbalanced violence and crude and revolting display—that sin against the canons of art in any province—and how much is yet left for admiration? What a joy to find such a body of free, fine work, the expression in line and mass of every emotion that can move the spectator of society. Pity, horror, fear, hot fury and cold anger, scorn, amusement, love, wonder, are born of conviction and given scope and being in a publication put entirely at the service of, and into the hands of, artists, and laboring unceasingly to do their work justice.

In Germany we find something of the same spirit in *Simplicissimus* and in *Jugend*—in the latter chiefly in the vignettes of Schmidhammer, who seems to one's amused fancy, in his black swarms of tiny clerics, officials, and Jews, like an imp of malign power waiting for his chance; and Heine and Wilke draw what they dare. The pages of *Jugend* fulfil another function, doing for contemporary painting what the *Studio* does for us, and political caricature in Germany goes with its life in its hand.

And here at home we see no sign of vitality in this field. Our artists are dumb. The social ferment is active here as elsewhere; our Shaws, Chestertons, and Wellses are in the thick of the fight; the waving plumes of a Pankhurst, a Webb, a Bax, a Ward, head their various hosts, and the banners of Temperance, of Beer, of Puri-

tan and Anti-Paritan Leagues, of political parties, of social reformers, of some-form-of-government men and no-sort-of government men, wave and parade from Bermondsey to the Marble Arch. The written and the spoken word thicken the air and litter the pavement.

But the artist says nothing.

Is it want of men? I cannot believe it. In France there is at the moment, as I have said, a golden age of draughtsman; that must be allowed. But even as we have a handful of painters who need fear comparison with none abroad, so we have men working in black-and-white who can hold their own in the quieter lines they adopt.

There is the ability to draw, and as late as the 'sixties there was imagination.

Since then we have had in Phil May a man who in a different atmosphere might have done something of the work of a Forain amongst us, but he had to grin through a horse-collar for his livelihood. Still, his fifteen annuals enshrine the most vivifying work we have had since the differently sincere work of the wood-engraver's victims. But the simple line-block that gave Phil May to his public has brought its evil. It is so cheap that an editor grumbles at drawings that call for more complicated methods of reproduction. I have known such shake their heads over promising work and say, "If he had only been taught to draw in pen and ink." And to pen and ink and the zinc block many a good man is sacrificed. Pen-and-ink work should come by nature and come young, or, like the "made" swing of the tardy golfer, it will serve, and no more. Another hardship endured by the illustrator I must touch on, though it is scarcely to our purpose. It is the criticism, or neglect by literary critics, of illustrated books. Every day one may read notices of books largely and mainly due to

the illustrator for their publication, and find at the end, "Mr. Jones's drawings add charm to the volume," or merely "The book is illustrated by Mr. Smith."

This is bad enough, but in one unfortunate instance the *Times* gave two columns to a work illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell. The reviewer merely remarked at the close that he wished the illustrations away. These drawings, I believe I am right in saying, were subsequently bought by the Government of the country they were made in.

Why in the name of fairness, why in the name of all that is wonderful, do not such critics ask the help of a friend who knows, or hand the book to the man who does the art criticism?

To dwell a moment on these injustices done to draughtsmen is not, perhaps, altogether beside the mark if it serves to point a lesson they might learn to their advantage. If artists do not help themselves no one will help them. If they would recognize their own strength, and turn their pencils upon the world of the pen, they could drive home the meaning of many a salutary and revolutionary idea that filters but slowly through the medium of type, and earn the respect that comes of being strong.

When Phillpotts founded *La Caricature*, and with the aid of Daumier, Grandville, Travies, and others attacked the bourgeois régime of Louis Philippe, he was in the end practically

The Nineteenth Century and After.

crushed by brute force, earning, on an average, a *procès* per week (Champfleury); but the spirited fight of the little band was a joy to half Europe, and his standard has flown ever since, so potent and popular is pictured satire.

I have said that I do not believe that the men are wanting. I am quite certain that the public is not wanting. That great child loves pictures, and from Hogarth to Tenniel their favorites have never had to complain of a cold reception.

A more pugnacious spirit is observable in our younger nations, and in Australia, the most promising of our art colonies, the *Sydney Bulletin*, aided by Norman Lindsay and others, jogs the padded ribs of John Bull with something of the old-time vigor. Is it that in this happy country there is nothing to attack?

Here, certainly, the dynasty has nothing to fear from any renaissance of the satirical draughtsman, and the Army, the Church, and the Law, or even the House of Lords, do not crush the mourning spirit of freedom to that point when despair nerves the oppressed to desperate efforts. No doubt public morals are unimpeachable and social manners admirable, politics sincere, Ministers patriotic, the Press dignified and incorruptible, opinions free, the Church alive, the Stage healthy, Science rewarded and Art recognized, and merit generally applauded.

And yet—and yet?

Wilfrid Scarborough Jackson.

## SIENA.

I think perhaps there is nothing in the world quite like Siena, no other place, at any rate, that has just her gift of expression, her quality of joy, of passion, of sheer loveliness. It is true that in Florence you find a clear intellectual beauty, virile and full of light,

that in Assisi, that little superterrestrial city in Umbria, a mysterious charm—is it the beauty of holiness?—will discover itself to you in the memory of a love, still faintly immortal, pathetically reminding you of itself, like the fragrance of a wild flower on

that rude mountain-side. But in Siena you have something more than these, something more human and not less divine—how shall I say?—you have everything that the heart can desire: a situation lofty and noble, an aspect splendid and yet ethereal, a history brave, impetuous and unfortunate, a people still living, yet still unspoiled by strangers. Yes, Siena set so firmly on her triune hill towers there even to-day with a gesture of joy, radiant and beautiful, caught about by her vineyards as with a kirtle of green, girdled with silver and gold, the silver of her olives mixed with the gold of her corn.

It is thus she always seems to me when I come to her; it is thus I always remember her from afar, a place of happiness, of welcome, a fortress still it is true, but without a threat, a fortress dismantled, in the hands of invincible peace, where every tower has become a dwelling-house, every bastion a garden, every bulwark a shady walk, where the gates are open wide that the children may run in and out.

Come to her any spring morning from Florence where something *furba*, something even surlily in the people might seem to bear witness to the foreign domination there, and she will win you at once; a certain sparkle and sweet glitter in the light, even without the gates, proclaims the hills and lifts up your heart; and long before you have passed half-way down Via Cavour, the charm of the place has fallen upon you, almost in spite of yourself, unreasonably too, for you will never be able to decide just what it is that has caught you or to define in what her delight consists—that strange delight that is so joyful and yet half afraid.

Is it in her aloofness, her aspect of conscious life, her unity, her individuality, the city built as it were in one piece climbing up out of every valley to

support the cathedral about which it crowds so tumultuously, sharply divided from the country which the walls scarcely thrust back? Is it in the architecture, its conscious grace, the sheer beauty of form and coloring so consoling after the philistinism of Florence? Or is it in the people, their speech so pure that any other seems like a dialect, their manners, their noble bearing, their fine courtesy; so that you discern in them at once the aristocracy of Italy? Or is it in the beauty of the women—and there are no such women anywhere else in Italy as these pale, wilful, sweet ladies who pass and re-pass up and down Via Cavour in the twilight with a mother or a husband or a sturdy little maid for company or protection? Or is it in the laughter of the children so fresh and so delicious in the cool green of the Lizza, which you may hear any golden morning and can never forget since it is the one thing which reminds you of home.

It is, perhaps, in all these things together and a thousand beside which your heart takes note of, though you be all unaware, that the charm of Siena lies. Moreover with her alone among the great towns of Italy, something of reverence for the past has survived the tide of modern barbarism, so that she is not ashamed to be reminded of her ancient greatness or of her fathers which begat her.

The modern spirit, a mean utilitarianism, has stolen away the universal beauty of Rome, is even now overthrowing Venice, and has rebuilt and ruined Florence, nor is its progress through the lesser cities of Italy less appalling: but Siena it has not really touched, she remains perfectly herself. Dedicated to the Virgin she is the one virgin city of Italy, an inviolate tower, *Turris Eburnea*, which the modern beastliness has been unable to smutch. Perhaps it is in this we find a good part of our delight. No electric trams rush

through her beautiful mediæval streets, which are still lined with palaces splendid and severe, not separated from the lesser houses but joined to them with only here and there a narrow opening through which you see a vista of steep lofty narrow way under an arch that goes suddenly and swiftly down into the valley or winds slowly uphill, where the wind dashes madly to and fro or sighs wearily in the darkness, where only a single star maybe has ever peeped. All these streets that tunnel and climb and wind so narrowly and steeply through the city are at once lively and quiet, lively by reason of the children who play in them, the women who gossip in their shadowy doorways, the pedlars and hawkers who cry their wares between their ancient echoing walls. The only traffic that passes up and down these paved narrow twisting climbing ways is the *baroccio* of a charcoal-burner, the asses of a woodsman laden with timber from the mountains, or the great wagons drawn by drowsy white oxen whose horns almost touch the houses on either side the narrow ways as they draw slowly home the burden of wine from the vineyard. Yes, they are quiet enough, those narrow ways, only never silent, echoing every now and then with the musical cries of pedlars above the voices of many women mixed with the laughter, the inarticulate cries of babies, of children. And there in and out, now hidden by a tower or shut out by a high roof, the sun peeps down and the shadows advance and recede, and over all between the tall houses is a strip of the soft sky.

It is much the same with the one great street of Siena, which, lined with little shops, runs quite through the city, entering at the Porta Camollia on the north and leaving by the Porta Romana on the south, the Via Francigena indeed, though within the walls it is called by various names, the great me-

diæval highway of Italy leading from the far north to Rome.

Here the ancient noises of life, so individual in the narrow steep ways, are mingled together and broken really for the first time by the sound of wheels. You come into this clamor on your way from Porta Camollia where the Via delle Belle Arti turns downhill on the right. A mere vague rumor at first, it waxes louder and louder, resolving itself at last into the hum of many voices, till in front of the Loggia dei Nobili, where a great crowd conducts its business in the street, you come really into the midst of it and are surprised when having pushed your way through these busy, cheerful people, in less than twenty yards you find yourself alone again in that paved way between the tall sober palaces, almost in silence.

But though it be in her streets, those narrow lofty by-ways, that Siena is still living and to be found, it is not in them she has set up her pride. All the nobility, all the impetuous ardor and valor of Siena, for the most part unrepresented or at least largely invisible in her streets, are to be found in the Campo, that beautiful piazza, shaped like a sea-shell, before which stands the rosy Palazzo Pubblico over which rises the loveliest tower in Italy, La Mangia. This is the true forum of the city and in its light, its fantastic and lovely shape, in the dizzy and noble height of that tower, all that is most characteristic of Siena might seem to be hidden and expressed. Yet that palace, that piazza, that tower stand less conspicuous in any view of Siena from the walls or the *contado* than the cathedral which, set on a spur of the great triune hill on which Siena stands, shines like some precious casket or tabernacle far over the countryside, the capitol of the City of the Virgin. Nothing in Siena becomes her so well, or so certainly sums her up as her cathedral into which, in its aloofness, its

pride, its distinction, its beauty and broken ambition the history of the city seems to have passed. It is perfectly set in a great silent space, a miracle of light, and though its façade is disappointing and inexpressive the Duomo of Siena is something more than a barn before which a miracle has been performed as at Orvieto. As seen from the Lizza it is like some celestial citadel, the long, exquisite line of the nave broken by the perfect transept and the great octagon over it. Look at it from Fontebranda, whence the houses rise one above another and the whole city seems to be gathered about that hill-side to be crowned by that marvellous diadem of pale gold bound with onyx or chalcedony, the fair campanile towering above the whole city pointing to the sky. But splendid as the Duomo is in almost any view of it, from S. Barbara and Fontebranda or from the great piazza which lies so spacious about it, it is from within that it most truly shines. No one, I suppose, who has ever beheld the precious romanesque of that nave has failed to be comforted by the distinction and beauty of its coloring, the strength and majesty of its style, the nobility of the lantern over the crossing. It is here and in those great lean churches S. Domenico, S. Francesco, and the Servi di Maria no less than in the altar-pieces of Duccio and the pictures of Simone Martini and the Lorenzetti that we have symbols of Siena, that we learn, indeed, what Siena is.

For in her strangely ardent, almost pathetic beauty there is a mystery, something we do not wholly understand, something Byzantine perhaps, an exquisite finish too, an elaborate ornament which belong to the earliest painters of miniatures. Often at evening looking on her from S. Barbara when the world is so quiet and in the dim valleys and on the clear hill-sides the gray olives are a mist of silver, the cy-

presses very still and dark against the blue and gold of the sky, suddenly she has seemed to me, piled up so closely house over house, church over church, tower over tower, culminating in that almost visionary Duomo, like a city out of a Missal, one of those exquisite, unreal places past which the Magi came to Bethlehem, the very city at whose gate S. Anne waited so long for Joachim, in whose valleys Christ was baptized by John, against whose battlements of old was set the Crucifixion.

Yes, there is an element not wholly explicable in the beauty of Siena, an element of strangeness, of wonder which we must confess we do not wholly understand. As she stands there on her triune hill dreaming of the Middle Age she seems more than a city, more than the work of man; for she expresses something that is hidden from us, that we can only guess at dimly as we gaze over her profound valleys, across the garden of her *contado* to the desert on whose verge she waits on guard.

Is it just that perhaps—that which day by day as you abide with her comes at last to impress you most, to mix with your every thought of her and in some dim way to inform her with itself—is it that which is her secret? She stands on the edge of the wilderness and looks all day long across a vast desolation to the faint far-away outline of a great mountain, the most beautiful mountain in Tuscany, Mont' Amiata.

It is this spectacle so profound, moving and expressive that little by little grows into your heart as you pass up and down the steep winding narrow streets from church to church, from palace to palace, from sanctuary to sanctuary. Joyful and yet half afraid I said of her, and it is so. The smiling gay persuasive loveliness of Siena is set against the solemnity of that beautiful mountain, against the barren loneliness of that desert, out of whose virile and

mysterious beauty she has sprung up like a rare and delicate flower. It is this contrast which as it seems to me lends her half her charm. On the verge of that vast country of scarred rock and channelled clay where the sun is without pity and there is no sound or song, she seems more human in her beauty than in fact she is. For with all her happiness and joy she is aware of the loneliness that is about her, she never forgets the bitterness of the desert or the silence of the mountains on which she must look all day long. You will find them, their influence, everywhere, not only in herself, in the city we see to-day, but in her history, in everything she has done. For in her story as in her work, the great altarpiece of *Duccio*, for instance, the lovely spell-bound pictures of *Simone Martini*, the flower-like panels of *Sassetta*, her vast cold *Duomo*, her dizzy *Mangia* tower, there is that element of strangeness without which it is true there is no excellent beauty, but which here seems to be almost its chief characteristic. How sensitive they are to that silent country out of which they are sprung, they have understood the mystery of that desert and have drawn from its lean strength a curious sweetness.

Nor is it only in material things such as these that we find that element, but in her history also and in those who made it, above all in her saints and in that religion which with her alone in Tuscany was mystical. Consider then such an action almost religious in itself

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as the Battle of Montaperto and all that led up to it, the strange self-abnegation, self-accusation and love, the impassioned belief which in fact caused the miracle. Consider the wild prayers for a deliverance as miraculous from *Charles V.*; consider *S. Catherine* and *S. Bernardino*; but chiefly consider that worship of the Blessed Virgin in which the whole city expressed itself, which compelled every gentleman to place his hands between hers and to swear allegiance, and which inspired an impassioned loyalty in every man, woman and child. Well, was not the Blessed Virgin the mystic rose in which the desert had blossomed?

In all these actions and in all these people there is an element of insanity, something strange and unconfined, out of proportion, as it were, with anything but that vast waste country of barren clay and rock which is stretched out before her, across which the eternal mountains shine.

In summer half veiled in heat, invisible at noon and beautiful at evening, you miss its true character and meaning. But watch it on a dark and threatening day, a day of storm or wind when it surges against every gate and is uptossed by every bastion. It is as though that terrible and voracious wilderness, more barren and more terrible than the sea, had hurled itself against the beautiful city and would have consumed her but for the protection of her she still invokes, in whom for so many ages she has sought safety and peace.

*Edward Hutton.*

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## A STRONG MAN.

My week at Portrewan was one of blustering gales. From south-east to south-west they shifted, and round to the north and back again, bringing rain and hail and sea-fog, and now and then some blessed hours of dazzling sunshine;

but with all their changes their force never abated. The little village was in a state of suspended animation. All the winter's work was done; boats had been repaired, gear mended, nets barked; fifteen hundred new crab-pots

were piled ready in the lofts; nothing remained but to await the wind's pleasure. A spell of stillness was on the place. The sea roared without, the wind whistled overhead, sometimes—but that was seldom—finding its way round the headland, and sweeping the street bare of yesterday's accumulation of litter. In the midst of the hurry and welter of the elements Portrewan reposed, silent and idle. Up the valley Nature was already at work, heedless of her servant's rebellious bluster. The slender Cornish elms stood up in a delicate mist of ruddy purple, the black-thorn hedges were powdered with living snow, the furze-bushes were in flame, green blades and discs were pushing out from every chink in the gray stone walls, and in every sheltered spot Spring had written her name full and clear in violets, and set her primrose seal beside it. It was no time to be sitting and waiting, yet to sit and wait was Portrewan's lot.

One soon got to know the place by heart, at least in its idle aspect. One day resembled another as a pea its neighbor in the pod. The morning broke, clear or overcast, but always heralded by the sonorous matins of the gulls, circling and shouting at an incredible height above the cove. Then, as soon as the sun was up, a shambling step outside told me that the village "natural" had begun his day-long ramble. He never sat down, he seldom stood still for a moment, he never quitted the confines of the village, but as long as light remained in the sky he wandered to and fro, peeping into houses and cellars, greeting every passer-by with an uncouth chuckle, and incessantly talking, talking to himself. Greet him kindly as you passed, and he would beg a match of you—"one little Ruby for poor Billy." Give him one, and he would strike it dexterously on his leg, and shield it in his hollowed hands until it was quite consumed,

laughing and trembling with delight at the pretty flame.

Later, between six and seven o'clock, came the sound of doors unbolting and the swish of brooms on lime-ash floors. Thin threads of smoke arose from twenty chimneys. Women with their skirts tucked up appeared at the doofs, taking stock of the weather and shouting shrill greetings, but postponing gossip to the idle hours. Then, at eight o'clock, each house disgorged with difficulty a small boy or girl, sleepy-eyed, white jug in hand, bound to fetch the breakfast milk from the farm on the hill. Still no sign of man, excepting Billy, and the coastguardsman striding down to breakfast from his eyrie on the cliff-top.

Now the milk-carriers returned, no longer dragging weary limbs, but chasing one another with shouts down the hill, to the imminent peril of the precious fluid. The steady pant-pant of the bellows was heard on every side, and the smoke increased in volume. Breakfast was toward. Half an hour, and the street suddenly filled with children, and for five minutes Portrewan was lively with shrill voices and twinkling legs, till the mothers rushed out and swept their broods up the valley to school.

Then the rapt pause that precedes an event. Click of a gate. Appearance of a man, hands in pockets, white linen jumper ballooned out into a sphere by the wind, resembling nothing so much as a bloated pair of compasses. Another pause. Another man. Another, and another, and another, all with their hands in their pockets, and all converging on the lifeboat house, where they met without salutation—unless indeed that was meant for salutation which the Oriental regards as the deadliest of insults—silently squared their shoulders against the door, and turned their eyes on the horizon. More men, and more, until all the shoulder-space

against the house was occupied, and the row of immobile humanity extended itself along the wall of an adjacent fish-cellar. Still more, the latest comers hooking themselves in a variety of contorted attitudes over the sides of an old seine boat hard by. Then for two hours nothing save an occasional woman or dog moved in the village.

Towards midday came the only bustling time, when the outer world invaded Portrewan in the shape of three or four tradesmen with their carts. The two rival butchers arrived from opposite directions, and drew up at opposite ends of the street. The green-grocer came rattling down the hill at a reckless rate that set his apples and potatoes dancing in their baskets. Perhaps the bootmaker from the market-town would drive up in his smart little gig, or the Johnny-come-fortnight in his lumbering van. Then the women issued forth, and voices were loud for a season. But the men stirred not, till the approach of the dinner hour was signalled to them from the chimney-tops.

The afternoon was like the morning, without its interruptions, until the children straggled home from school, and silence fled from Portrewan, to return only with returning night.

So the days passed and the wind blew till my week was up, and I left Portrewan to its idle waiting, carrying away a vivid picture of white walls and brown thatch, of handsome bearded men, comely keen-faced women, and rosy children, the loveliest ever seen, but knowing scarcely anything, save by imperfect divination, of the inner life of the place. I was a foreigner, and towards foreigners the folk of Portrewan are silent and reserved beyond the wont even of Cornishmen. Gentlemen all, they offer no rebuff to the visitor's civil advances; they are quite ready to exchange small talk about the weather and the fishing pros-

pects; you may even, with patience, extract a yarn or two of storm and wreck. But they never lose sight of the fact that between Cornish and English a great gulf is fixed, not to be bridged in a week or a year or a lifetime. So of Portrewan I can make no story, only a still-life picture. One figure alone moves in my memory, and that in rather a striking way; but that figure does not properly belong to Portrewan at all, and it was not until I had actually left the village behind me that a chance encounter and a casual word brought it striding out of the painted canvas into life.

The fourth morning of my visit was fine, and after breakfast I went down to the beach and found a seat on a piece of timber a little way apart from the silent assembly of sea-gazers. The children were at school; the women were afield, hanging linen to bleach on gorse and blackthorn bushes. The lazy influence of the place was overpowering. In the general stillness whatever moved took on an exaggerated importance; the progress down street of a little black dog, sniffing and foraging after the lively fashion of his kind, was watched by twenty pair of eyes, as a great event. I watched the gulls soaring overhead, balancing themselves like rope dancers with imperceptible wing-dips on the invisible cord of rushing air, until luminous specks danced in my eyes. The rhythmic thunder of the tide on the beach throbbed like a great slow pulse within the ear, conquering thought, and reducing the brain to the same delicious apathy that ruled the body.

At eleven o'clock the spell was broken by the rattle of carts. First came the Henliston butcher, and not far behind him his rival from St. Mellyn. A Porthcool fish-jowder led a jibbing pony down the hill, crying the freshness of his mackerel as he came.

The dashing greengrocer from Lankellis swooped down, standing in his cart with legs wide asunder like a Roman charioteer, scattering chickens and dogs like foam on either side, and pulling up with a magnificent abruptness. Women poured into the street; a babel of bargaining arose and continued for a long half-hour. Then horses were whipped up, and one after another the invaders departed. The world had done with Portrewan for the day.

Not quite. Twenty minutes later, when the last faint eddy of excitement had whirled withindoors in the trail of the last woman's skirts, yet another equipage appeared round the corner at the top of the street. A very small, very cautious donkey came down the hill, stopping and firmly bracing its feet together at every step. It was harnessed to a miniature cart, or rather barrow, on which were piled some wicker baskets and a few heaps of greenstuff. And on the near-shaft, leaning backwards and nodding his head drowsily against the baskets, sat the ablest-bodied man I ever set eyes on. He was not very tall, though no doubt taller than he seemed; but his shoulders were broad to the verge of deformity, the muscles of his arms bulged immense under the sleeves of his dirty white jumper, and the jumper was stretched to rending-point across a Herculean chest. His bare head, which appeared disproportionately small on those shoulders, was covered with closely-curling black hair, slightly grizzled about the temples. His eyes were small, sleepy, cunning; his lips full, sensuous, humorous. And down the hill he jolted towards me, his feet scraping the road, one arm hanging relaxed with open hand, the other hand loosely holding the reins, but leaving the diminutive donkey to the unfettered exercise of its own judgment.

Having carefully picked its way down the hill, the donkey stopped of

its own accord on the level, sank its head, bent a knee, and lapsed into meditation. It was some time before the man stirred a limb; but at last he rolled off the shaft, stretched himself, and lounged to the back of the cart, where he picked an apple out of a basket and began to munch, leaning against the cart-wheel.

It was then that I noticed an unusual agitation among the bronze buttresses of the life-boat house. Two or three were actually standing upright and unsupported, several were exchanging remarks, and all had their eyes fixed on the man with the donkey-cart. So far as I could construe their looks, it was no unfamiliar sight they were feasting on. Wonder was not in their gaze, nor the unwinking critical scrutiny to which every stranger in Portrewan must submit. But there was admiration, if I mistook not, and gloating pride, and something of the rapt interest with which farmers around a show-pen follow every movement of a prize ox.

Then one of the men—it was George Corin, coxswain of the life-boat—detached himself from the wall and rolled towards me. To all appearance he was ignorant of my proximity; his eyes never left the horizon, his gait was that of one starting on an aimless stroll, but for all that I knew he was going to speak to me, and I wondered what could have conquered his shy taciturnity and induced him to accost the foreigner without invitation. Even now he did not come straight up to me, but lurched stiffly against a windlass hard by, and curled himself over the handle-bar. A minute passed, and still he made no overtures. I knew enough of the ways of Portrewan to wait in patience, watching meanwhile the stranger, who had finished his apple, thrust his hands in his pockets, and gone to sleep standing.

Presently Mr. Corin, his eyes still on

the sea, jerked a casual thumb in the direction of the donkey-cart, and remarked to the waves—

"Big chap, that."

I thought he was the biggest chap I had ever seen.

"Shouldn't be frightened," said Corin. "An't many bigger chaps out of Cornwall. Nor in Cornwall nuther," he conceded after a pause.

I agreed a little too heartily, Corin looked at me suspiciously.

"Though there's lashins of big chaps in Cornwall," he said.

This time the heartiness of my agreement struck the right note. Corin turned a more favorable eye on me, and sidled up closer.

"Could 'e give a guess, now, who that chap might be?" he asked.

I hadn't a notion, and said so. Corin bated his breath.

"That's Theophilus Pennywarn."

I suppose my astonishment was too obviously factitious, for Corin regarded me with an aggrieved expression.

"Don't believe you ever heard tell of him," he said. "Theophilus Pennywarn, that won the Belt two year running."

"What belt?" I asked incautiously and sank for ever in Corin's estimation. For a moment he seemed disinclined to waste any more words on me. Then he relented.

"Champion belt," he explained pityingly. "Cornwall and Devon. For wrestling."

My endeavor to express intense interest passed muster, and the softened Corin continued.

"There edn' a man in this town that Theophilus couldn't pick up with one hand and shake the nature out of 'm. And two year running 'a held the Belt. Throwed Jacob Treskilly, and big Ben Rutter up Bodmin, and the pick of the Devon men beside. Not one of 'em had a chance with Theophilus, and two

year running he held the Belt."

I was so injudicious as to ask who beat him the third year. Corin snorted contemptuously.

"Beat en! Beat Theophilus! There wadn' a man alive could do that. Nor there edn' a man alive could do it now, for all he's twenty year older than what 'a was then. Beat Theophilus? No, no! Nobody bet en, then nor since. He give the Belt up of his own self—resigned it, as you may say."

Naturally, I wanted to know why.

"Chap dursum use his strength," said Corin impressively.

Again I asked why. Corin waxed eloquent.

"Look!" he exclaimed, pointing a dramatic finger at the slumbering hero. "There's a pair of arms to be levering broc'lo and taties and apples by the pint and by the quart and by the gallon! Selling greens—edn' that a mean trade for the strongest man in Cornwall? All that power and all those shoulders wasting theirselves 'pon cabbages—edn' that a wisht malincholy sight for 'e? But 'a don't dare do no more, and there's danger for 'm in that. 'How?' you ask; and I'll tell 'e."

"The second year Theophilus wrestled for the Belt, the match was up to Plymouth. When the news come to St. Mellyn that he'd won—St. Mellyn being his locality where he was reared to—the St. Mellyn chaps concluded to pitch one o' these here celebrations agin he come home. And so they did—met the train with a four-horse carriage, and escorted of him home, holl'ing and singing, flags flying and brass band a-playing; and after that, they finished up with a feast in Wesley schoolroom—none o' your ninepenny tays, but a regular beef and pork-wine banquet. Nothing wadn' too good for Theophilus when he'd won the Belt and bet the Devon chaps 'pon their own ground. And then they drunk his health and cheered en till they couldn't cheer no more."

"Then Theophilus got up, looking brave and solemn. 'Neighbors,' 'a said, 'here stand I in the midst of joy and thanksgiving. And what's the state of my feelings in the midst of joy and thanksgiving? Dust and ashes is their state,' says he. 'Friends and comrades,' says he, 'glory's holler trade arter all; and as for thanksgiving, 'tis nothing but a sheep's bladder—wan teeny pin 'll do fur 'n. And I've got the pin handy,' says Theophilus, stopping and looking round 'pon the comp'ny, and if he'd dropped the pin he was telling of, you'd heard en fall. 'Men of St. Mellyn,' says he, 'I've fought my last fight and wrestled my last throw, and Cornwall must fit and search for another champion.'

"Well, there was a terrible to-do then, as yon may think. 'Twas *How, Theophilus?* and, *What's mane, Theophilus?* and, *Art mazed, Theophilus?*—all holl'ing 'pon him to once. Then he put up his hand. 'Comrades,' 'a said, 'hark to my mournful tale.' And then 'a told 'em how when the wrestling was done 'a felt a queer mazy sort of pain inside, like a hand was squeezing his heart. Didn't pay no 'tention at first, but it got worse and worse, till he couldn't stand, set, nor go. So 'a said to himself—'What's up with 'e, Theophilus? Better-fit you go see for a doctor.' So 'a did, and found one not fur off—reg'lar quality doctor, brass plate, red lamp, spaking-tubes all complete. 'Doctor,' says he, 'my heart do ache.' 'Who's the maid?' says doctor. 'No maid,' says Theophilus. 'Tis indigestion, 'a b'lieve. Gle me some strong trade, will 'e?' 'Pon that, doctor out with his stathoscope and took an observation 'pon Theophilus's chest. 'Hullo' says he. 'Tell 'e what, my man; you'd best be brave and careful. Your heart's diseased, and there an't no doctor's trade in the world to cure that. You'm toler'ble safe, though, so long as you don't exert yourself. Keep

out o' fights and wrestling matches, don't gle way to anger, don't go lifting no heavy weights, and you'll be an old man 'fore die. You'm a strong man, so beware of your strength. Make use of en too much, and soon or late you drop, and so I warn 'e. And my fee's five shelling,' says he, holding out his hand. 'But I've just won the Belt!' says Theophilus. 'I mustn't give in without a fight, or me and Cornwall's disgraced forever!' 'Now, now!' says doctor. 'Don't 'e get excited, and don't holler; edn' nothing more dangerous. And wrestle another throw arter what I've told 'e, and 'tis suicide, no less, and I'll see you don't get no Christian burial, mind that. And my fee's five shelling,' says he, holding out his hand. So Theophilus paid en and come away.

"That's what Theophilus told the men of St. Mellyn at the feast they made for him, and turned all their joy to murning. And since that day 'a haven' dared use his strength to fight with nor yet to work with it. He fit and bought a dunkey and cart, and pitched selling greens, being the lightest trade 'a could think for, and he've been selling greens ever since."

I gazed with heightened interest at the fallen hero. He was still in the same attitude, leaning against the cart with his hands in his pockets and his eyes half closed. Nobody had come to buy of him, nor had he made the slightest effort to dispose of his goods. I remarked as much to Corin.

"Well, 'tis like this," he explained. "He's a independent sort of chap; don't come here, nor nowhere else, not reg'lar; only when he've a mind to. And gen'rally, when 'a *do* come, 'tis after the reg'lar man have been, and there an't much business left for Theophilus. But he don't care; you may buy off of him or not; he won't put himself out for nobody. Edn' proud, nuther; always ready for a chat or a glass—glass in p'tic'lar."

I suppose I smiled at this, and Corin realized that he had been guilty of an indiscretion in exposing a fellow-countryman's failing to the stranger, for suddenly his communicative mood dried up. He grunted shortly and moved off. I remained, with a fascinated eye on Theophilus.

Five minutes passed, and he shifted his weight from left leg to right. Three more, and he blinked twice as the sun began to shine into his eyes. Then, after a decent interval, he dragged a huge hand out of a tight pocket, and pulled his cap over his brow. The hand went back to the mouth of the pocket, fumbled there for a moment, and dropped limp, at the same instant that Theophilus's head dropped forward on his breast.

A woman bustled out of a door and bore down upon him. She touched his elbow, and he raised his head without indecent haste. I could plainly hear the colloquy that ensued, and thus it ran—

"Any new pertates, Mr. Pennywarn?"

"Ess, 'a b'lieve, my dear."

"Good ones?"

"Well, my dear, 'tis my business to sell 'em. I don't set up for no judge consarning the ateing of 'em. See for yourself. In one o' they flaskets up front, b'lieve."

The woman rummaged, found the right basket, and scanned its contents.

"Rather old for new pertates, ben't they?"

"Dare say you'm right, my dear."

"How much are 'e looking for, Mr. Pennywarn?"

"Aw, just the reg'lar price hereabouts."

"What's that?"

"You should know better'n I do, my dear."

"I give eightpence last time I bought any," said the woman doubtfully. "But they'd got more nature in 'em than these, I seem."

"Shouldn' wonder," said Theophilus, and yawned.

"If I knowed they wouldn' go watery in the pot, I don't know but I'd try half a gallon."

"Well, my dear, if I'd made 'em, I might warrant 'em; but as 'tis, I can't do no such thing."

The woman fingered a tuber, glanced at Theophilus, whose eyes had already closed again, hesitated, and said—

"Well, I can but try them. A gallon, please, Mr. Pennywarn."

"The measure's a-top of the rhubarb," said Theophilus, without offering to move. "Measure 'em out for yourself, and you'm sure to get a fair allowance."

She did as she was bid, turned the potatoes into her apron, told the money into his disengaged hand, and went off, leaving him to resume his siesta, and me to reflect admiringly on his remarkable way of doing business. The dinner-hour interrupted my meditations, and when I returned to the beach, Theophilus, donkey, and cart had disappeared.

I saw no more of him at Portrewan, but he occupied my thoughts a good deal. The real pathos of the story was so apparent through the grotesqueness of its setting. Corin was right; it was piteous to see a man endowed with such abundance of strength, and debarred by a death penalty from exercising it. No gift of nature is so welcome, or yields such intoxicating delight in the use, and the use was forbidden him for life. One could imagine the fret and chafe of dammed-up energy, the wild recurrent temptation to whistle prudence down the wind and do one deed worthy of his power and fame. One pictured him, Bible on knee, pondering the story of Samson and his heroic end. One sketched a story, still more heroic than Samson's, where the end came in a blaze of supreme effort, not from Samson's revengeful motive, but to save some life from deadly peril.

One realized his feelings as he left the doctor's presence, crushed, and bowed under the fatal sentence. And with what loathing must he regard the petty occupation to which he was doomed! A steam-hammer is sometimes made to crack a nut by way of diversion; imagine a steam-hammer endowed with sentience and the pride of life, and set to crack nuts perpetually!

It is true that now and again, as I pursued my imaginary analysis of a brave soul at odds with fate, a disturbing image would intrude itself of a lazy careless vagabond leaning against a cart-wheel, munching apples and drowsing in the sun; and I would be conscious of a certain incongruity. Yet, if I know anything of the Cornish folk, the man must feel as I imagined him to feel. A visible danger he might face with a light heart, but no child of his race could live contented and careless under such bizarre conditions, with the spectre of sudden death dogging his steps wherever he went. He must have his dark hours, though not a line on his face betrayed them.

My time was up. The day of departure was fine, and I resolved to make the ten miles to civilization on foot. Half-way through the journey I came to a solitary little wayside inn. Before the door stood Theophilus Pennywarn's donkey and cart, and, as luck would have it, Theophilus himself lounged out just as I passed. Presently I heard the patter of the donkey's hoofs behind me. I slowed down, and Theophilus and I exchanged greetings. His face was flushed, and he exhaled a rich aroma of beer.

We were just at the foot of a hill. The donkey slackened its pace, and its master and I fell into conversation as we trudged up side by side. Theophilus was communicative, not to say garrulous, under the benign influence of ale. In two minutes we were great

friends. Presently my chance came, and I dropped a casual remark about wrestling. Theophilus turned his full face on me, and his eyes twinkled.

"You'm right," he said. "'Tedsn' what 'a was in my young days, more's the pity."

I made a complimentary reference to his early prowess. He fetched a sigh, but his eyes still twinkled.

"Ess, well," said he, "those days are over. They make me sad to think upon. You've heard my mournful tale, s'pose?"

I had indeed. I ventured on condolences. Theophilus checked a beery chuckle with another portentous sigh.

"Terrible, edn't?" he said with excellent dolefulness. "There wouldn' be many 'ud keep up their sperits in my place, would 'em, now? They often come to me and say—'Theophilus, how are you so cheerful? Dostn' mind how the shadder of death's a-hanging over 'e all the while? Dostn' feel shame for the mean trade you'm forced to work to?' That's how they do talk. But I say to 'em—'Look-see,' says I; 'we've all got our burdens in this sinful world. Ess,' I say, ''tis our doom to carr' the waters of affliction, some in milk-jugs and some in beer-barrels. 'Tis a reg'lar puncheon with me, but you needn' grieve for me. My shoulders are brave and broad.' That's what I say to 'em. Nobody ever heard me holl'ing; I ain't that sort. Maybe I should get the doldrums now and agin, same as other people, and more reason, p'raps, but I an't one to make a show of 'em."

Now I began to understand Theophilus, and to respect and admire him as he surely deserved, for the simple dignity of his attitude under the frowns of fortune. I endeavored to express my sentiments in becoming terms,

"Thank'e," he said. "'Tis kind for 'e to say so." Then he fell into a silence, which lasted, punctured with one or two suppressed chuckles, till we

reached the top of the hill. Here the road branched and our ways separated. I said good-bye, expressing my regret that we should probably never meet again. And so we parted.

I had not gone ten steps when he called me back.

"Look now," he said. "Did I understand for 'e to say you was leaving these parts?"

I explained that I was returning to London.

"For good? You won't be coming back here-along no more?"

It was very unlikely, I said. Theophilus eyed me steadily.

"How shouldn' I?" he said, half to himself. "Kept it to myself all these years; but a lonesome joke edn' much of a joke after all. So I will."

He looked cautiously round, took my hand, and laid it against his huge chest, just over his heart.

"Feel that," he whispered. "Sound as a bell!"

"What!" I exclaimed. "Do you mean to say——"

"Never wadn' nothing the matter wed 'n!" he said, and burst into a roar of laughter.

"And the doctor at Plymouth?"

"Never went to no doctor in my life. What should chap like me want with doctors?"

"Then why on earth——?"

"Look," said he, turning up his sleeve and displaying a hairy arm on which the muscles stood up in great lumps. "There's the strongest arm in Cornwall this day. Something to be proud of, edn'a? So you think. What a grand thing, says you, to be so strong as any three! With an arm like that, you'd say, there an't nothing a man could look for, but what he can get 'n. Glory! Honor! Dominion! Power!"—and at each sounding word he dealt the arm a vicious smack. "That's what you do say. And what do I say that the arm belong to? I

say, strength like mine's a curse to a quiet easy-going chap like me—nothing but a curse. Look-see, now. Before I went to Plymouth that time, I worked over to the quarries, and if I did one man's work, I did four, and all along o' my strength. If there should be a great big stone to shift that nobody else couldn't move, 'twas always the same old yarn—'Liv en to Theophilus; he'll see fur'n.' If a cart should get oversot—'Aw, liv en be, you chaps. Where's Theophilus? He'll put en to rights.' And when I'd finished up my work, 'twas just as bad. Maybe I'm for a quiet touch-pipe by the fire; but no! Here's Aunt Jane Eddy's nevvv and nace home for a visit. In they come. 'This here's Theophilus,' says Aunt Jane. 'Ded 'e ever be'old such a tremenous chap? Would 'e mind bending the poker, Theophilus, for my nevvv and nace to see?' Or p'raps I should stroll down to cove after tay, to see the men haul up the boats. Then 'twas—'Lend a hand, Theophilus, thou great lazy rogue! And soon 's I set finger 'pon the windlass, all the rest 'ud give over and stand gasping and glazing to see me haul en up all by myself. And so 'a was, always the same all the while wherever I went. I'd better been born a horse, for all the thanks or profit I got out o' my strength. And me a quiet chap, that like to take things easy! So one day—'twas in the train coming home from Plymouth that time—I said to myself—"Theophilus," I said, 'you'd better go and break your arm to once; then you'll have some peace.' Well, I didn' want to go quite so fur 's that, but after thinking a bit I made a plan. You know what 'a was. They swallowed my yarn as it 'twas a dish of crame and they a passel of cats, and I haven' had no trouble from that day to this. Why, you wouldn' believe—but if they should see me going to use my strength, lifting or pulling things, they'll come running up with—'Here.

Theophilus, I'll do that li'll job for 'e—for fear I should drop before their eyes. 'Tedd' often I got to load my li'll cart myself, I can tell 'e. Always somebody ready and proud to lend a hand to poor Theophilus. Aw, 'tis grand! Many's the laugh I've had!"

He laughed now, the reprobate!—his mighty shoulders shaking, the tears standing in his cunning little eyes.

And I had to laugh too, in spite of the vexation with which I recalled the sympathy I had wasted on the lazy rascal. Sheer laziness—there was nothing else the matter with him. And for twenty years this huge impostor had lolled on his throne, receiving tribute, sniffing incense. It was scandalous; yet what could I do but laugh?

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### FOR THE OLD SCHOOL.

If you want to get a man to talk, draw him on about "the Old School." Such was the dictum of a well-known and clever statesman who passed away just before this present century began its course.

How truly that man understood the feeling for his *alma mater* which every public schoolboy carries with him throughout life! For is there anything purer, more beautiful, more inspiring than the way most men regard their old school, or finer than the things they are prepared to do or undertake for its glory and honor? When you have read the following instances, all true, of splendid affection and devotion for "the Old School" you'll begin to understand, if you never did before, what enthusiasm, what pleasure, what love for Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Westminster, Rugby, and the other great schools dominate the men who have been there, the men who are to-day fighting Britain's battles in every trade and profession in every corner of the world.

A year or two ago one of our best-known writers (I think it was Mr. Harold Begbie) had to go down to the East End on some special literary work. Whilst there he accidentally ran up against a man in a poor position—a man whose manners, speech, &c., struck him as being extraordinary for one in such a place. Then the author noticed, too, how respectable and clean were his

home, his wife, his children, and how the man was trying to save every penny possible for some definite purpose or other. After much close inquiry the visitor learned the other's secret, which astounded him, being somewhat of this fashion.

"Yes," acknowledged the man, smiling proudly as he spoke, "I was once far better off, and of higher position than you would think from seeing me here! I was, indeed, educated at Eton! And I've never forgotten that fact. When at my lowest I've always said to myself that my boy must be brought up a credit to the Old School, and that I must strain every nerve to send him there by hook or by crook. For there's no school like the old place, you know, sir! And every penny the wife and I can save is put by to help our boy later on to go to Eton, if only for a year or two."

The author who learned this extraordinary story of an Old Etonian's devotion to the school amid such surroundings made known the circumstances (without mentioning names) in a London daily newspaper. Immediately there began to pour in on him letters containing cheques, money, &c., generous offers of help from all parts of the world where Old Etonians had read the story! They were so delighted with the way that this former son of Eton had kept the honor of the school ever

before him in such terrible straits that they were determined his boy *should* go to "the Old School" whatever happened, and that he himself should be rescued from the round of trouble which had so long known him. It was literally a small fortune which rolled down on the author for the benefit of that Etonian of the past. And it was the love, devotion, and pride for Eton itself which inspired all this splendid proof of how her children regarded her!

When I sit quietly on a winter's night reading the tales of how Cavaliers and Roundheads contended for the mastery; when I think how stern was the sour Puritan, and how gay was the rollicking King's-man; when I view the frenzied and misguided troops of Cromwell destroying the churches, the altars, the lovely windows of stained glass, the fine organs, the famous carvings—then I turn over the pages till I come to that magnificent tribute paid to grand old Winchester College by her Puritan children whose hearts went out to her more than to destruction itself, even at such a furious time. Have you not read how, when the destroying spoilers came to Winchester, they rent this and that church, they robbed and broke down this or that "device of the Scarlet Woman," as they termed all such things? But, when the ignorant soldiers would have attacked the College, did not two of the Puritans themselves, who were Old Wykehamists, take their stand at the gates with drawn swords, and swear that no man should desecrate Wykeham's beautiful foundation except over their dead bodies! And was not their zeal and determination to guard the school so fierce that their comrades agreed to pass by Winchester College in their march of rapine and destruction? Surely it is strange that no famous artist has ever seized on that noble picture for one of his best paintings! Just think how such a man as

Ernest Crofts, R.A., could have portrayed for us those two Wykehamist Puritans defending with drawn swords the school of their childhood against their frenzied comrades at the risk of their own lives! Happy mother indeed who can inspire such devotion in her children!

Some few years back the writer was going down one of the chief streets in Leeds. A carriage and pair belonging to one of the best-known citizens of the town was driving along, the owner himself being seated inside it. Just as the carriage reached the end of a famous cross-street a roving Bluecoat boy came sauntering round the corner. Now, the sight of the celebrated blue coat and yellow stockings is rather unusual in northern towns, and many folk turned to stare at the lad, who was about twelve years old. But as soon as the man in the carriage saw him he told his driver to stop, and, jumping out, with beaming face he came across to the Christ's Hospital youth.

"Well, how do you like Horsham, my boy?" he asked. "When I wore that dress we were in Newgate Street. I don't suppose Horsham can ever be like the old place; but never mind, the school is the same, isn't it? And whose 'house' are you in? Oh, Coleridge's! Then you're honored with a glorious tradition of the Hospital, my lad! And your name? Oh, is it! Any relation to the great—? Yes? Well, I'm awfully glad to have seen you and had this chat with you! God bless you and the old school! And mind you're proud of her and do her credit when you're older. There, that's just a little gift in remembrance of Christ's Hospital days of my own."

As he hurried back into the carriage, waving his hand, the Old Blue smiled at the lad's wondering look; and the yellow-stockinged youth gazed with beaming face at the bright piece of gold in his hand whilst he waved his thanks

in return. I dare say he probably thought to himself what a decent old crank the eccentric man was after all. But later on he'll understand the feeling which animated the former son of Edward VI.'s noblest foundation whom he met that afternoon in Briggate, Leeds.

Was there any more charming episode in all the stirring career of Baden-Powell during the siege of Mafeking than that about which he wrote in one of his private letters to his mother? This was the substance of his words: "I did not forget, even in such straits, that it was 'Founder's Day,' the day so honored and revered by every true Carthusian. And I sent round all the camp to try to discover if there were any other officers from the old school who would come and dine with me on December 12th, out of respect to the memory of Sutton and Charterhouse. But, alas! I could not find one! Yet I resolved to keep up the school's reputation anyway, so I dined in state all by myself, and gave the time-honored toast to our Founder's memory as of old, which toast I drank with enthusiasm, and three cheers for Charterhouse!" And this was the man on whom the eyes of all the world were fixed at that very moment, the man who was holding Mafeking so bravely and undauntedly against a terrible foe, a man living with his few troops on horseflesh and scraps of meat! But even at that awful moment, and in the direst straits, the love for the old school predominated above everything! For he "remembered that it was Founder's Day!"

And is it not splendid to recall that this devotion and affection for his *alma mater* instills itself somehow into the heart of the Hindu, the African, the Japanese, who acknowledges one of our great schools as his own, just as much as it does into the breast of any Englishman? "I suppose," said a friend

of the present Sultan of Zanzibar to him, when first he revisited England after mounting the throne, "that you will go at once after landing to call on the King?" The young Sultan's dark eyes looked kindly on his comrade with that pitying glance one knows so well. Then he said slowly, "The first place I shall go to when I land in England will be London, for I want very much to have a look at dear old Harrow again! I wonder if she'll have changed much since I was there!" Yes, not even the cares of a kingdom, not even the barbaric splendors of an Eastern Court, not the thousands of miles of sea and land intervening, not all his own native state and friends, could efface from his young heart the memory of the grand "School-on-the-Hill." And it was to her that his steps first turned when he set foot on our English shores!

"Why, bless me, if we aren't all Old Westminsters here!" was the sum and substance of the words of Sir Elijah Impey to Warren Hastings when some six or seven men from the school-behind-the-Abbey chanced to meet together in India. "Look here, we *must* do something just to show we still remember the school! What do you fellows say if we send a magnificent silver cup to Westminster as a gift from her boys in India?" They hailed the project with delight and enthusiasm, and thus it came about that Westminster owns the celebrated "Elephant Cup," as it is called, one of the most notable treasures of plate belonging to any big public school. Its size, its unique decoration, its workmanship, its value, make it a superb present; and one can hardly wonder at the reverence with which all Westminster boys, old and young, regard it, especially when they recall the circumstances under which it came into possession of the school and the famous men who gave it.

That an author or a poet should show

his affection for the school of childhood's days in his manhood's writings need scarcely be wondered at; there are many examples of this. But that a celebrated poet should devote a whole volume of the muse to the praise and honor of his *alma mater* as a proof of the deep love he yet bears her is surely an unique thing! It is thus that we find Mr. Henry Newbolt sending to Sir Francis Younghusband, the great General in far-away Tibet, a book of his own poems as his most precious gift likely to please the receiver, because, according to the dedication, the two men, who were close friends at Clifton College, now recollect nothing so delightful as their schooldays! *Clifton Chapel and other School Poems*—the book in question—deals entirely with life at Clifton and the big schools, mainly with regard to its Imperial aspect and teachings. And throughout all the verse runs the well of love and reverence that the famous poet and the equally famous soldier still feel towards the school where they walked arm-in-arm together, and worshipped in the House of God as friends!

An officer of Lord Kitchener's staff was riding alone over the burning sand of the desert during the advance on Khartoum for the attack on the Mahdi. His spirits were low at the news coming daily into camp; his mission this night was a daring and risky one; he was, so far as he knew, miles away from a single friend, with marauding Arabs waiting to murder him at the slightest chance. His heart, though stout and brave, felt dubious about the future; and to cheer himself up he began to sing aloud a song, almost unconscious of what it was, for words and music came welling up from long-past days:

The Romans came and passed away;  
The Normans followed, where are they?  
But we are here, and here we stay!

Vivat Halleyburia!

In his enthusiasm at the old song, and his recklessness, as he rode swiftly over the desert he shouted out the strains more and more. Then suddenly he saw the form of another rider approaching quickly over the sand, and he heard another voice singing. Moreover, the new-comer was chanting:

And though our distant feet may roam,  
Our hearts will ne'er forget the home.  
The grand old school beneath the dome—

Vivat Halleyburia!

The first officer stared as if mesmerized. Here, on the very desert itself, at midnight, lonely and desperate, he had stumbled across the one great encouragement he needed. He put spurs to his horse, and the two soldiers soon met and clasped each other's hands enthusiastically.

"I needn't ask," said the first man. "Your song told me you came from the old school!"

"And yours!" said the other, "though we've never met before, I think. But cheer up, old chap! We'll pull through all right! Trust Halleybury for that! We come from the right place. Hats off to the school beneath the dome! Let's sing the last verse together."

And, with hands still clasping, they did. Right up to the clear skies of the Egyptian desert there rang out the two voices:

For all through life, where'er we be,  
School of our hearts, we'll think of thee!

And drink the toast with three times three—

Vivat Halleyburia!

"Yes," wrote home the first soldier to his father, "I managed the dangerous mission all right, for it gave me new strength that curious meeting. I felt that Halleybury depended on me for upholding her reputation that night. And I made up my mind there and then that I'd do or die for the school!"

Let me give one more instance of

what pride and affection for the Old School did. It occurred in the boat-race not many years back. In one of the crews was a man from Shrewsbury. To see the struggle at Mortlake, and to cheer on their former comrade, two Old Salopians turned up in a boat near the Brewery. The tussle between the 'Varsity eights was very keen, and as the boat with the boy from Shrewsbury came along his friends saw that he seemed nearly done, though he was working as hard as ever. Yet the very result depended on that next two hundred yards!

"He's almost used-up, poor old!"—said one of the two friends as he waved his hat, cheering the crew as it tried to get past its rival, amid the tremendous excitement of the crowd. "I wish we could encourage him on a bit more!" Then came a sudden inspiration. With a voice like a fog-horn the Old Salopian fairly made himself heard above the

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rest, as he shouted, "Got 'em! You've got 'em!" There was just the flicker of a smile on the drawn face of the man in the boat who heard the cry. It put new life into him for that last hundred yards! He kept going at his hardest; and the verdict of the judge was in his boat's favor as the rivals passed the white post! It was the famous cry that did it! The never-to-be-forgotten shout of victory which every Salopian knows so well called him to a supreme effort for the immortal glory of the Old School! He made it, and kept going, though he fell over in the boat as the shouts which greeted the winners sounded in his ears.

"For the Old School!" There is no other love like it! For it is pure and strong; it is holy and reverent; and it lasts till death itself. May we not indeed truly call it "the love that survives?"

*George A. Wade.*

## THE ATLANTIC FISHERIES ARBITRATION.

There is no lubricant for the wheels of peace like the successful completion of an international arbitration. By the decision of the dispute between the United States and ourselves about the Newfoundland fisheries, the rule of international law is more firmly established, and the comity of nations has become a greater reality. The dispute was an inveterate one. The controversy had passed through bitter phases. The questions involved were of the most delicate sort; they affected the sovereign rights of one of the parties, and so might be considered to affect national honor. It is, therefore, perhaps the most striking tribute that has yet been paid to the growing strength of the principle of arbitration that in referring the matter to a Hague tribunal the Governments concerned were

strongly supported by a unanimous public opinion, that the proceedings have been marked throughout by the most friendly relations, and that the award, although it cannot be equally acceptable to both sides, has given rise to no recriminations and to few complaints.

While arbitration is still in the early stages of its development, a nation which is dissatisfied with an award has the strong and legitimate consolation of remembering that, although it has not got all it wanted, it has served the higher purpose of advancing a great cause. In the present case, however, neither party need fall back on this consolation, because neither party can claim an unqualified victory. The award is undoubtedly in our favor on the questions of principle involved; but consideration of the special circum-

stances of the case, partly geographical, partly historical, has caused the arbitrators to make several exceptions in practice from the principles which they accept, and those exceptions confer substantial advantages upon the United States.

It is decided that Great Britain has the right to make regulations for the Canadian and Newfoundland fisheries over which the United States have rights under the Treaty of 1818, without the consent of the United States, and that this right is inherent to her sovereignty. The decision is welcome to us, since it decides in our favor the chief point at issue. It should also be welcome to all students of international law. The American case claimed that the Treaty of 1818 deprived Great Britain of her natural right as a sovereign of regulating the fisheries, independently of outside control. The United States, it was said, had rights in the fisheries which amounted to international servitudes. Now a servitude, or in the term known to our law, an easement, is a right qualifying the full property rights of an owner. So, an international servitude is a right qualifying the full sovereign rights of a State. To extend the application of such a right in international law is contrary to the whole course of development of the science, the tendency of which is to recognize that the rights of sovereignty possessed by an independent State over its own territories can admit of no qualification. It is also contrary to good policy, because there can be nothing so likely to cause dangerous confusion and dissensions as a divided responsibility for government, even in a limited sphere. The arbitrators have therefore chosen the wise as well as the strictly legal and equitable course in deciding that the rights of the United States do not amount to a *condominium* with Great Britain. At the same time, they have taken means

to secure that whilst the integrity of British sovereignty shall be maintained, the treaty rights of the United States shall have ample practical guarantees. It was admitted by the terms of the reference to arbitration that the regulations to be made for the fisheries must be reasonable, appropriate, necessary, and equitable. The award delegates to an expert Commission the question whether the existing regulations answer to this description or not; and it also recommends the parties to institute a permanent Commission under a neutral arbitrator to decide upon the reasonableness of any future regulations. There can be no doubt that the recommendation will be accepted, and that the vexed questions which have given rise to such long-continued disputes will be removed once and for all from the danger zone of diplomatic friction. Thus the effect of the award is that Great Britain establishes her claim to be sole legislator for the regulation of the fisheries, subject to the decision of an impartial tribunal that her enactments are reasonable. Her position may be compared to that of a legislature of a State with a written constitution, whose enactments are subject to the decisions of a court of law as to their constitutionality.

The second point at issue involved that time-honored bone of contention amongst international lawyers—the nature of bay. Here, also, the British contention prevails. It is decided that the limit of territorial waters follows not the coast line, but a line drawn across the bays where they cease to be bays, but with a special limit in width of ten miles. The arbitrators are not content, however, to lay down an abstract rule of law, without considering how it is to be applied to the particular circumstances. They have exhibited, in fact, a knowledge of actual conditions and an amount of common sense in dealing with them which, with-

out disrespect, may be said to be a rare phenomenon amongst international lawyers. The coasts of Newfoundland and the neighborhood are beset by fogs, and apparently it has occurred to the arbitrators that this must sometimes make it difficult for a boat to know whether, in the case of some of the less well defined bays, it is inside or outside the horns of the bay. In view of this, the award lays down a number of specific exceptions which contract the territorial limit in certain bays, and constitute a considerable concession to the United States. No doubt the fishermen of Gloucester will consider the practical advantage well worth the price of a gentle reflection on their seamanship.

The other matters involved are of less importance to us, but they mean a good deal to American fishermen. The United States secure the rights of employing foreigners on their fishing boats, but foreigners so employed are not to enjoy the immunities of the Treaty. It follows that Newfoundlanders on American boats are subject to the fishery laws made by Newfoundland to control her own subjects. American boats are not to be obliged to clear at a Customs House, or to pay special dues; but they may be obliged to report. The latter finding is of importance to the Colonial Governments, because, unless a vessel has to announce its presence by reporting, it is almost impossible to make it comply with any regulations at all. Thus the award, while upholding the rules of international law by pronouncing in our favor on questions of principle, secures full protection for the special treaty rights of the United States. We do not yet know the considered opinion of the fishing interests of Newfoundland and Canada on the full terms of the award, but their first impressions seem favorable.

A feature of the arbitration has been

the cordial co-operation between the British Government and the Governments of Canada and Newfoundland. Something of a new system has been adopted in the conduct of the proceedings. In the Alaska Boundary arbitration the British Government conducted the proceedings on behalf of Canada, with Canadian advice. The precedent was not a happy one. The authorities of the Dominion not unnaturally desired greater responsibility in the management of their own affairs, and when the award proved unfavorable there was general discontent in Canada. On this occasion it is the Canadian and Newfoundland Governments that have managed matters, and the British Government has acted as second in the contest, placing at their disposal the services of its diplomatic corps and the best brains of the English bar. The Governments of Canada and Newfoundland have been in control of their own destinies, and with the happiest results. Instead of the recriminations that followed the Alaska award, we hear expressions of warm gratitude for the help rendered from home. In part, no doubt, this is due to the more favorable nature of the award, but largely, also, to the sensible arrangement by which the leadership in a colonial matter has been left to the Colonies concerned.

The loyal acceptance of the award on both sides of the Atlantic will complete one of the most notable achievements of which civilization is capable, the peaceful settlement of a serious difference between two great nations without war, and without even rumors of war. The publication of an award must always give rise to some searchings of heart and vain regrets, but in comparison with other great international lawsuits, the Atlantic Fisheries arbitration closes in an atmosphere of goodwill between the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Great

Britain. We have yet another proof how baseless is the fear that in matters affecting national dignity the popular temper will not bear the strain of peaceful submission to the rule of international law.

The Economist.

## THE MILITARY SPIRIT AND PRAGMATISM.

The last published writing of the late Professor William James was the paper on "The Moral Equivalent of War" which appeared in *McClure's Magazine* for August. It is characteristic of the bright intellect which performed the service to the young generation, both in America and England, of "making philosophy readable." Professor James's proposal to divert the military spirit to new uses is enticing, but also, we fear, unattainable; and we wonder whether, after all, the argument is formally reconcilable with his philosophy of pragmatism. We hardly think so. Pragmatism says that truth is utility, and that the truth of a principle can therefore be estimated only by its consequences. Professor James says in the article that if the military spirit, with its willingness to endure hardship, to suffer pain, and to lay down one's life, could be turned to a new purpose—a social purpose—it might be made to produce mighty beneficial results. But if the pugnacious side of man could be thus employed, we suppose that, like any other active principle, it could not escape the fate of being judged (pragmatically) by its utility. On the whole, we should ourselves be ready, although we are not pragmatists, to judge it this way. But a large part of Professor James's article is undoubtedly taken up with showing that he condemns the military spirit—we use this phrase to represent something much more earnest and reasonable than militarism—in advance, and that he tries to give it a new application only in order to redeem partially what he believes is an inevit-

able evil in our present civilization.

Professor James was puzzled as a psychologist by the military spirit. He noticed that military pride operated more in reminiscence than in anticipation. He admitted that if the American nation were asked whether it wished to have the Civil War expunged from its history, only a handful of fanatics would say "Yes." The people love the stories of sacrifice, heroism, and strife, even though the strife was fratricidal. And the burying-ground of Gettysburg, and Lincoln's haunting and beautiful words when the ground was dedicated, and much else besides, are holy possessions. Yet the same people, Professor James reflects, would not cast a single vote for a civil war which would procure them a second harvest of such memories. This seems to be a paradox to those who mistrust the military spirit, but it is really nothing of the sort. War would indeed be more horrible than it is if it did not teach unforgettable lessons. The South fought in the Civil War for its peculiar "Institution" of slavery, and deceived itself into believing that it was fighting for State Rights and opposing oppression in so doing. The war means much more, therefore, than a series of gallant memories; it has conferred on the South the inestimable blessing of convincing it of error. No Southerner wishes to fight again for the right to possess slaves. That is the primary and glorious fact,—not the fact that neither side would care to fight again for more possessions of military legend. Mr. Henry James, Professor William James's distinguished brother, said,

after visiting Richmond, if we remember rightly, that he once knew that there was a cause which had lost in the Civil War, but after his visit he knew that there was a cause which never could have won. The Federal cause was holy if ever there was a holy cause. War is not always a giving of the rein to bestial jealousy or avarice. It may be waged to preserve the right. Let us never forget that the possession of armed strength in an imperfect world means the *power* to insist on the right.

Professor James could find nothing so favorable as that to say of war. He regarded the military spirit as an ugly quality which we have unhappily inherited, and must put up with for a long time to come. People cannot shed their derived characteristics by a mere act of volition. His whole purpose, therefore, was to discover a new application for that which must necessarily exist. He did not, of course, in spite of his general condemnation, deny that there is much that is noble in itself in the devotion of a soldier. Without going so far as Ruskin, he admitted that there is. "Militarism," he says, "is the great preserver of our ideals of hardihood, and human life without hardihood would be contemptible. Without risks or prizes for the darer, history would be insipid indeed; and there is a type of military character which every one feels that the race should never cease to breed, for every one is sensitive to its superiority. The duty is incumbent on mankind of keeping military characters in stock,—of keeping them, if not for use, then as ends in themselves, as pure pieces of perfection,—so that Roosevelt's weaklings and mollicoddles may not end by making everything else disappear from the face of nature. This natural feeling forms, I think, the innermost soul of army writings. Without any exception known to me, militarist authors take a

highly mystical view of their subject, and regard war as a biological or sociological necessity, uncontrolled by ordinary psychological checks and motives." In other words, the military spirit serves no good purpose but to keep alive a desiderated manliness. Wars are the clumsily invented excuse for exercising it. Professor James thought that his friends the pacifists made a great mistake in not sympathizing discreetly with a spirit which must continue to be active till the distant day when wars will cease. He himself firmly believed that that day would arrive. We do not,—not because we regret war a whit less than Professor James did, but because so long as evil and injustice remain to be combated wars will be unavoidable in some form or other. We should believe in the abolition of war only if we believed that some day no criminals will be left and that all the prisons will be closed, and that some day sincere differences of opinion on matters of principle will be impossible.

Let Professor James's more deprecating view of the military spirit be accepted, however, for the purpose of argument. How does he propose to give a new direction to what must survive so far as one can see ahead? "In the more or less Socialistic future," he says, "towards which mankind seems to be drifting, we must make new energies and hardihoods continue the manliness to which the military mind so faithfully clings. Martial virtues must be the enduring cement; intrepidity, contempt of softness, surrender of private interest, obedience to command, must still remain the rock upon which states are built." The martial virtues are therefore to be applied to a sort of civic daring. Men will become conscripts bound to a laborious, and, if necessary, humiliating, grind in the service of the State. The young blood, instead of risking his neck voluntarily

across a stiff country, will risk it by compulsion during a term of service in a mine. The rich young idler who seeks new sensations in exposing himself to the charges of elephants and rhinoceroses in unexplored countries will be required to stand up to the more insidious, but possibly even more dangerous, assaults of lead-poisoning. The young man who turns away surfeited with luxury to suffer incredible hardships in travel, with all the dirt and disease of what is romantically called "roughing it," will be required to drive a dust-cart and thus do something not really more disgusting, but certainly more immediately useful. Professor James says:—

It may end by seeming shameful to all of us that some of us have nothing but campaigning, and others have nothing but unmanly ease. If now—and this is my idea—there were, instead of military conscription, a conscription of the whole youthful population to form for a certain number of years a part of the army enlisted against *nature*, the injustice would tend to be evened out, and numerous other benefits to the commonwealth would follow. The military ideals of hardihood and discipline would be wrought into the growing fibre of the people; no one would remain blind, as the luxurious classes now are blind, to man's real relations to the globe he lives on, and to the permanently solid and hard foundations of his higher life. To coal and iron mines, to freight trains, to fishing fleets in December, to dish-washing, clothes-washing, and window-washing, to road-building and tunnel-making, to foundries and stoke-holes, and to the frames of skyscrapers, would our gilded youths be drafted off, according to their choice,

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to get the childishness knocked out of them, and to come back into society with healthier sympathies and soberer ideas. They would have paid their blood-tax, done their part in the immortal human warfare against nature; they would tread the earth more proudly; the women would value them more highly; they would be better fathers and teachers of the following generation. Such a conscription, with the state of public opinion that would have required it, and the moral fruits it would bear, would preserve in the midst of a pacific civilization the manly virtues which the military party is so afraid of seeing disappear in peace.

This is Professor James's "moral equivalent of war." A good example, as some of our readers will be sure to remember, of a rich young cub being disciplined in "a fishing fleet in December" is given in Mr. Kipling's "Captains Courageous." Man's pugnacity and sense of opposition are to be enrolled in a higher cause than that of war. But the assumption is fatal—is it not?—that evil resides only in "Nature" and not at all in man. We fear that the conscripts will never be wholly spared the duty of opposing themselves to other conscripts. The fight against "Nature" will have rather to be carried on, though we hope it may be done effectually and enthusiastically, by a voluntary army of men who feel that nobility obliges them to undertake the fight. A small experiment in our midst is now worth attention. The Agenda Club has been founded for the express purpose of drilling a preliminary brigade. We shall watch its exploits before we think more seriously of conscription against Nature.

## THE COMPLICATIONS OF THE SIMPLE LIFE.

There are not wanting signs that, so far as our faiths are concerned, the world is in a state of revolt. In every branch of human activity there is unrest and discontent. In religion, politics, the arts and science, newcomers constantly arrive, bearing the flaming torch. The thing that has served a lifetime must be turned upside down. It is not that we are convinced that the mere reversal of a position is going to make for good. What drives us is an insensate curiosity—the same curiosity which prompts a boy to dissect a new watch with a fork after he has become tired of looking at the wheels going round.

Some people there are who revolt at life itself and the machinery of living. They demonstrate their discontent by all manner of personal eccentricities. One man reviles the crowded city, and his purpose is to get back to the land and make it produce sufficient potatoes for two. Another dislikes the theory of houses, and as a mark of his disapproval lives in the tented field. Then we have the man who pours his contempt on the Briton's fidelity to the virtues of beefsteak, and seeks to show that we are wrong by living exclusively on lentils, nuts, and wholemeal biscuits. Last, in an interesting quartette, is the man who desires to revolutionize the national method of clothing oneself. Discontent in the world of dress shows itself in all manner of amazing eccentricities, beginning with barefooted prancing in the dew and bareheaded walking in the noonday heat, and ending with sun-baths in Trilby's professional costume and the wearing of the highly decorative but certainly draughty costumes of the ancient Greeks. Generally speaking, we describe most of the individuals who express their discontent by eccentric de-

partures from accustomed habits of housing, dressing, and eating as apostles of the simple life. Though they are in a distinct minority, by being persistently noisy they receive a great deal more attention than do the vast majority of ordinary work-a-day people, who take their personal habits on trust as legacies from centuries of successful living.

Yet, in these cranky days, when we talk so much of the simple life, it is worth while pausing to ask whether it is not, as a matter of fact, a vastly complicated method of living. It might be said, for instance, that the habits of a well-organized town represent the easiest method of living yet invented. For sheer simplicity life in London is miraculous, and the higher the standard of comfort attained the simpler it becomes. Indeed, the one danger is that the so-called complicated organization of a highly developed city threatens to make life thoroughly monotonous through the elimination of all the details. From the moment a man gets up until the moment he retires, everything is done for him, and he need not think of securing any essentials to his health and comfort. Turn the tap, and water, hot or cold, gushes into the porcelain bath. At breakfast, coffee, bacon, the kidney, and the egg appear with the regularity of the sun. All the news of the day is gathered while the world sleeps and lies on your table; the whole for a halfpenny, with a sensational story, a tip for the day's racing, a diagram showing how your wife may achieve the latest note in blouses, and a recipe for herrings in aspic thrown in. Then there are your letters—Jinks in Paris, Jones in New York, and Jameson in Edinburgh are whispering at your elbow. If you decide to go out, the telephone tinkles a

call for a taxi-cab. Should a man want a suit of clothes, a piano, some trout-flies, a motor-car, a first edition, a dish of oysters, a flying-machine, or a garden hose, a few seconds' walk from Piccadilly Circus, a few seconds' talk, and the thing desired is his.

Throughout the precious day trouble, worry, and exertion are eliminated. Life is so simple in the city that you can hardly desire anything which cannot be purchased ten minutes after you conceived the need. If you need rest, there is your club; if you desire to talk, a tube will whirl you home to your wife; if entertainment is necessary, a dozen theatre doors yawn, afternoon and night; and if you desire to be bored, there is always a political meeting. In the matter of eating, London is perfect. From a glass of pure water free, or milk, either hot or cold, for a penny, to an exotic dinner which includes bird's-nest soup and shark's fin, there is everything for digestions either elementary or epicurean. At night, in case of need, there is a doctor to succor you at the corner of the street; the fire-brigade hangs on your telephone; and every twenty minutes a policeman passes your house and sees that no one intrudes on your blessed, if insensible privacy. All that a man needs in London is a cheque-book, and, armed with it, he can squeeze everything out of the world likely to give him pleasure as easily and as thoroughly as youth culls the juicy treasure of the orange.

It is from the pampered life of the city that revolting souls turn when they desire to live the simple life. The simple life takes many forms, but it is doubtful whether the least offensive form is as simple as the simple livers seem to think. The observer who has been nursed in the lap of a city will see at first glance that the simple life is very complicated. Even if a man takes a cottage in the country it really means that he and his wants are iso-

lated to the point of constant inconvenience. A cottage in the country—that is, out of town—usually means no filtered water supply, and every time an extra bucketful of water is needed someone has to become a beast of burden. A cottage in the country also means the obtrusion of the domestic machinery into every hour of the day's routine. Every mind in the house has to be concentrated on seeing that the supply of essentials never runs out, and the planning of the weekly store order, so that nothing shall be missed, is a prodigious intellectual feat which, applied to politics, would carry a woman to the front of the suffragette movement. And even then human nature is not infallible. When the nearest store is two miles away, the coffee will give out at nine o'clock at night; "We have forgotten the salad oil" is a phrase that rises as a wall of anguish from a disconcerted, thwarted soul at regular intervals; while, when visitors have to be entertained suddenly, social happiness may be completely wrecked for the lack of a tin of sardines, or through the impossibility of multiplying a piece of steak for two by two so that it may suffice for four.

As for the tented life in the open, it is not so horribly simple as its devotees suggest. Indeed, it is simply horrible. Earwigs in an uncomfortable bed and spots of rain slowly dripping on the upturned brow are bad enough, but that is the nicer side of tent life—its pleasant Bohemian aspect. Life in the tent means collecting all the problems of domesticity and concentrating them in tabloid form. Tent life depends for its success on the number of things you can do without; and the more you can do without the nearer you reach the ideal of the simple liver. But after all is said, doing without things is the oldest and most primitive method of torturing both body and soul; while the beginning of real comfort lies in having

two of everything. In tent life you must have only one kettle, one plate, one knife, one fork, one teacup, and one frying-pan. The moment you multiply these things you are leaving the simple life for the detested existence of ordered civilization. This, in theory. In actual practice nothing is more pathetic than to see a simple liver cooking his own breakfast with one fire, one kettle, and one frying-pan. With such resources breakfast ceases to be a meal and becomes a serial story, breaking off at the thrilling moment and leaving a sad gap to be filled in by waiting till the next installment commences. Also, to live successfully in tents, everything has to be put back in its place directly it has been used, and a mistake in this Spartan and exact method of living means chafing the next morning while searching for a lost toothbrush, or bringing the next meal to a standstill through the total loss of one of the essential things, such as a teacup or a knife, without which a meal becomes an irritating madness. In theory, the tent-dweller should live simply and serenely, contemplating Nature with the rapt and leisurely eye. In practice he wears his nerves to ribbons worrying over the thousand and one domestic details, which makes his outlook little better than that of an overworked kitchen drudge striving in the shadow of a Bloomsbury area.

If these aspects of life in revolt make for complicated problems rather than for a serene simplicity, the position of the food crank is still worse. The man who takes his prosaic slab of boiled mutton, with or without caper sauce, does know when he faces his fare that, by the time he has introduced it to the attention of his personal supply of gastric juices, he will have set his natural solvents an adequate task. The vegetarian needs an education sufficient to allow him to conduct a chemical analysis, for he must at all times be pre-

pared to say exactly what kind and quality of nourishment lie concealed in the lentil, the Brazil nut, the scarlet carrot, or the pale and watery turnip. Having this knowledge at his hand, he must weigh his food so that he shall know when he has had enough. This, it may be submitted, is a wearing routine, the processes of the mind bringing paralysis to the appetite and an abiding jaundice to the digestion. But that is not the total of the burden which he inflicts upon himself. Vegetables were no more meant to be served alone than man was created to live in solitary state, and to make them attractive to the palate and sufficing to digestion a cook has to have the kind of talent that means pre-eminence as a chef.

The man who can cook a carrot seventeen different ways demands a high salary and gets it. Thus the vegetarian has either to be content with inflicting a daily outrage on his own digestion by cooking for himself, or he must pay about double the wages paid to the ordinary competent cook in acquiring skilled assistance in his kitchen. And all the time he has to worry over the food question, earnestly canvassing within himself whether he is getting enough of certain elements to maintain his brain at a pitch of activity which will allow him to keep on making the same calculations day after day. That is why vegetarians never talk at the table.

No, the simple life is too complicated, too exacting. It is possible for man to get so close to Nature that he is able to realize how red are her teeth and claws. Man is at war with Nature all his life, and the scouted resources of civilization, against which the simple livers revolt, really do stand as symbols of the work he has done in minimizing the effects of the fight. The great resources of a city, which make life to run smoothly, are the harness trappings devised by man out of his

own intelligence and thrown over the flanks of Nature to curb her mad ferocity. Using the same symbol, the man who returns to Nature and the simple life is really mounting a wild, undisciplined steed and trying to ride it without either a bridle or a saddle. He is making life more difficult and adding materially to its dangers.

The Outlook.

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## THE CHEERFUL PESSIMIST.

When the curtain falls on a farce and the street outside begins to claim its toll there unluckily comes a feeling of depression. You cannot pass along the street without paying out something in impression or sensation, and it is alarming to find that the precious stock of laughter is exhausted. The extravagance of spending laughter for three hours has left you penniless, and there is nothing to be done but to become serious with as good a grace as possible. This is not easy. The plunge from fiction into reality is rarely a congenial adventure, however well organized the reception may be, and in this case little is done to smooth the crisis over. There are cabs, but nothing else, and the men who drive them have suddenly become most deplorably serious. In such a situation it becomes clear that life does not return a very generous dividend of jokes and that the available capital must be judiciously invested. It seems likely that a tragedy would have paid better. After "Richard the Third" it is still possible to laugh, but who can even smile after "Charley's Aunt"?

The truth may be that in the end the pessimist is the most inspiring companion. The very cheerful man, the man who is prepared to feed his fun on everything, expects too high a standard of endurance and forgets that others have not the same easy access to food for laughter. The expense of keeping pace with his jokes causes early bankruptcy, but he will not be satisfied until he has realized his claim to the whole of your laughter. To take cover

behind seriousness is impossible. He will mark your attempted strategy and will immediately bring you out into the open with another joke. There again you face him, wishing despairfully that he would tire of the pursuit and not rob you of the last precious laugh. But the symptoms of despair serve only as food for his humor, for there is no egoism so cruel as the egoism of the incorrigible humorist. The pessimist is a more kindly and inspiring companion. He expects no feat of jocular endurance and will stand by while others take their serious ease. Critical knowledge of his own weaknesses gives him consideration for all the foibles of humanity, and your failings are safe in his keeping. The humorist is always a propagandist with a serious mission, but the pessimist has so genial a gloom that he will make no effort to put anything right, however great the temptation may be. The perfect companion, whether in human or book form, is he who makes one's own lot appear the happier. Evidence of the general acceptance of this can be found in the undisputed liking for the sad in art. All great art—which represents, of course, the response to the strongest call for companionship—is sad or tragic, and so supplies the human need for something that shall be more disastrous than life and make the common lot the brighter by contrast. Only very cheerful people can read a cheerful book or watch a cheerful play. Others must depend on tragedy.

So it happens that the pessimist has

great cheering properties. He calls for no heroic response to jokes, no surrender of serious ease, no contribution to his own hilarity. He respects your comfort and can be trusted with the evening of a disastrous day. He will not expect to be supplied with material for laughter and will show no impatience with your misfortunes. Above all, he will not slap you on the back and tell you to cheer up. Rather he will take a professional pride in your misery and ask for more details to confirm his point of view. Then from his

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collection of greater miseries he will take the best and offer it proudly. This attitude of his cannot fail to be inspiring. Trouble can heal trouble better than a joke. In book form he has the same valuable properties. Read an ugly tragedy and you are bound by the aid of comparison to be more cheerful at the end, for you learn what you have escaped. Mr. Hardy is one of the most cheering writers. A farce robs you of every laugh, but Mr. Hardy respects your property.

### EMPLOYMENT FOR CATS.

In last week's number of the *British Medical Journal* Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Buchanan, M.D., insists on the importance of keeping cats in India as a defence against the plague. The plague is spread by the fleas carried by rats, and if cats were widely kept the rats would soon be reduced to an insignificant number. The Indian rat is not of the same formidable family as the present English brown rat, which drove out the original weaker black rat of these islands. The Indian rat is a small creature easily overcome by a cat. Colonel Buchanan tells us how he put eight cats and seventeen Indian rats in a room. Within a few minutes all the rats were killed, and one cat was holding four dead rats in her mouth at the same time. Colonel Buchanan has already tried experiments in preventing plague by cat-keeping in certain districts, and has met with very striking results. It may be said that many Indians would not kill animals, even to prevent plague; but, as Colonel Buchanan points out, the religious scruple does not extend to preventing one animal from killing another. They "shall not kill, but need not strive officiously to keep alive." Colonel Buchanan there-

fore considers that the keeping of cats in the servants' quarters of Indian houses should be systematically encouraged by the Government.

We hope that this suggestion will be acted on. What might not the prestige of cats become if they stayed the Indian plague? Colonel Buchanan suggests that the worship of cats among the ancient Egyptians was probably a recognition of their sanitary uses. The Mosaic Code, which was partly of Egyptian inspiration, shows how much the thoughts of the Egyptians were bent on perfect sanitary laws, but we question whether the Egyptians understood the sanitary uses of cats unless they employed them as pariahs. It seems more likely that the cat was regarded, not in her service to others but in her own habits, as the model and emblem of cleanliness. It is sad how much the cat has sunk in esteem since those days. Then Kings might look at cats; to-day a cat may look at a King. But perhaps the Egyptian cat was not the cat we know. It is hard to judge from the mummied cats which are from time to time landed in England. Some people believe that the Egyptian cat was a kind of cheetah. It would be

difficult to say whether the head of the goddess Bast was drawn from a true cat. The present writer has seen an old Egyptian picture of a cat acting as a retriever, and doubts whether our familiar cat was ever trained to any such performance. For the domestic cat is above all things an anarchist. It submits to no rule; it acknowledges no obligations. The dog may lick the hand that beats it, but the cat says: "You have brought me into your scheme of civilization; I did not ask to come, and I do not ask to stay." Some people are so misguided as to think that the cat is less intelligent than the dog. The cat could tell you where lies the lack of intelligence. She knows what we want her to do, but, having heard all that we have to say, she declines to do it. This is good for us all. It prevents us from becoming too arrogant, or from thinking that our voice is the voice of a god because the dog supposes it to be so. Proudhon rightly placed a cat at the feet of his figure of Liberty. The cat is scarcely within the pale of respectability. She is not mentioned in the Bible. She defies even the laws of language,—Grimm's and all others. No one knows from what the name is derived.

A distinguished scholar at Cambridge used to pretend that men admired cats or dogs according as they were Platonists or Aristotelians. The visionary chooses a cat; the man of concrete plans a dog. Hamlet must have kept a cat. Platonists, or cat-lovers, the scholar used to say, include sailors, painters, poets, and pickpockets. Aristotelians, or dog-lovers, include soldiers, football-players, and burglars. The liking of sailors for cats is at all events established. There is a story that after the battle of Trafalgar, when English sailors were bringing the Frenchmen and Spaniards away from their burning ships, one boat's crew had just pushed off from the side of

a burning ship when a piteous mew was heard from a cat which had been left on board. The boat returned to the ship's side, and an English sailor tried again and again to rescue the cat through the port-hole at which its head had been thrust. When he tried to seize her the cat retreated, and all this time the whole boat's company was in danger of being sacrificed to the cat by the sinking or blowing up of the ship. The cat was rescued just before the ship disappeared, and no doubt every sailor (and Platonist) superstitiously believed that he had averted some calamity from himself by the kindly deed.

Men of the highest discrimination have felt the appalling impropriety of treating cats with any want of respect. Mohammed cut off his sleeve rather than wake his sleeping cat, and Montaigne was depressed because he felt that his cat regarded him with a disparaging air. Heine, on the other hand, as a man of levity, compared his most heartless lover with cats. Matthew Arnold was near the right feeling but not quite in possession of it:—

Cruel, but composed and bland,  
Dumb, inscrutable, and grand.  
So Tiberius might have sat  
Had Tiberius been a cat.

Probably it was impossible for the owner of "Geist" to say more.

What is needed for the rehabilitation of cats in esteem—the Aristotelian view having in our day considerably outrun the Platonist—is the assignment to them of some useful function. The intermittent killing of mice is not impressive enough. The "leal true cat" which flies "precipitately home" is not even credited with domestic virtues. In the ancient law of England the cat was given a very different rôle from that attributed to her to-day by housemaids and others as the principal in all acts of breakage. "Among our elder ancestors the Antient

Britons," says Blackstone ("Com." II., 4), "cats were looked upon as creatures of intrinsic value, and the killing or stealing of one was a grievous crime, and subjected the offender to a fine, especially if it belonged to the King's household, and was the *custos horrei regii*, for which there was a peculiar forfeiture." The fortunate cat that held the office of Warden of the Royal Barn was thus protected by the law,— "If any one shall kill or bear away by theft the cat which is Warden of the Royal Barn, it shall be hung up by the tip of its tail, its head touching the floor, and over it shall be poured out grains of wheat until the last hairs of its tail shall be covered by the grain." This curious amercement is the same as that which, in "The Case of Swans," was still held to be by law the proper punishment for any one who stole a swan. This custom goes very far back

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indeed; perhaps it is a primitive Aryan custom. In the Volsung Saga the whole story of the doom of the gold turns upon this custom. The cat is no longer the subject of larceny at common law. But this it has left to it:—"The master of a ship freighted with goods which are the subject of depredation by rats is bound to have cats on board, or he cannot charge the insurer." That is worth remembering, but it is an employment for cats of no importance beside the prospect of their becoming the grand exterminators of Indian plague. If they accomplish that magnificent work we trust that a statue of a cat will be set up in every great city of India, and underneath in Sanscrit, in English, in Persian, and in the tongue of the province a suitable inscription to the cleanest and most self-respecting, if the least demonstrative, of domestic beasts.

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## LITERATURE PER THOUSAND.

It was a happy inspiration of the "Westminster Gazette" to promote, on the basis of a casual remark by a reviewer in the "British Weekly," a debate upon the proper length of a novel. Some confusion is apparent as between the authors and publishers who have so far been inveigled into the controversy, the former naturally taking the word "novel" to mean a work of art, and the latter, with equal reason, understanding it to connote a species of commercial stock. Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Edmund Gosse have each—though independently, we are assured—parried the question, *more Socratico*, by a retort "What is the correct size of a picture?" And from the artistic point of view they are right. But the publisher is concerned, willy-nilly, with the commercial point of view as well, and is forced to regard the novel as

having at any rate one dimension, that of price; from this, being governed by his customers, he must deduce at least the lower limit of words; and it also defines for him, though with less accuracy, the upper limit by the commercial considerations of value for money. "Under the present conditions," one publisher is reported to have said, "the public must have its so many thousand words—roughly, the average is about a hundred thousand words—for its six shillings."

Here we begin to arrive at the necessary definitions: the novel is a six-shilling novel. The "public" means the British novel-reading public. What food for thought is here! Suppose the question propounded to this literary symposium were "Is the British novel-reading public governed in its choice of novels by considerations of artistic

worth?", we can imagine a much greater degree of consent between the authors and the publishers. Let us hark back to the analogy of the picture: when a great picture lately was purchased for the nation, did not a certain popular journal calculate its cost per square inch of surface? Which of European countries save ours would solemnly do such a thing? The author—no, he needs definition—the writer with artistic ideals naturally jibs at artificial limitations; but his publisher, who translates for him his art into currency, must bow to current convention. For the nonce he is Procrustes, the author his guest and the public his inelastic bed.

The failure to observe this implicit definition of "public" has led another contributor to adduce the instance of what he calls "the greatest literary marvel of the present century, Romain Rolland's 'Jean-Christophe,' a novel now in its ninth volume and somewhere near its eight-hundred-thousandth word." Heartily endorsing his eulogy, we ask blandly "Is it published in England?" Imagine the fate of a man born in these islands with a genius similar to that of M. Rolland; a century after his death we might learn to appreciate him, as we learnt to appreciate Shakespeare, but should we keep him in bread-and-butter during his lifetime? They manage these things better in France. We have a reputation—*pendente lite*—for commercialism, and we buy our fiction as we buy our sugar; we must have our pound avoirdupois, and we do not care overmuch what proportion of water there be therein. If all the English champions of "Jean-Christophe" clubbed together to launch an edition of the work on our home market, what a lot they would learn! For our part we would subscribe right willingly, but we should enter the sum subscribed in our private accounts under the head of charity.

We have hinted that the maximum number of words which it is commercially possible to allow to a six-shilling novel depends upon conditions other than that of published price. There seems to be a general agreement that the English public grumbles if it gets less than about eighty thousand words for six shillings; but the publishers do not appear to be quite so anxious to impose the upper limit. Some light is thrown on this in the statement of a representative of a very famous publishing house that their output of novels was mainly confined to books whose success was practically assured. This—in our country—can only mean one thing: that the publishers only issue novels by authors known and approved. Let us skim past the corollary—that this firm makes no experiments with new authors, but buys established reputations—and deduce the (British) rule: novels by authors whose names alone guarantee a certain circulation need not be restricted in length. A little reflection will show that this is the result of the conditions of manufacture; where the circulation of a novel is problematical, the publisher is naturally influenced by the thought of his printing-bill. The philosopher may be momentarily side-tracked by the pleasant thought that an artistic reputation can be established regardless of the quality of the work; but in England we are in deadly earnest whenever we talk business, and we "take things as we find them."

None the less, as the current controversy shows, there is an experimental spirit abroad amongst us, and each controversialist throws some new light. Mr. William de Morgan, to whom appeal is naturally made, has given vent to the characteristic remark that "if a story is uninteresting the shorter it is the better"; the "Manchester Guardian" hereupon comments that such a story ought to shorten itself to vanishing-

point. It may, perhaps, still be too soon to attempt to point any moral from the recent publication of new novels at two shillings; but it seems highly probable that here, too, the main consideration is quality—or shall we say reputation?—and that under present conditions experiments in eighty thousand words cannot be made at that published price.

So far we have said enough, it may be hoped, to vindicate our national reputation for commercialism; let us with equal heartiness agree with the combatants for artistic freedom. The perfect work of art imposes its own limits of expression; but the various processes of recording various kinds of artistic impulse are more or less open to criticism according to the medium through which the art is conveyed to the sense. Music, perhaps, is ultimately a sensuous form of higher mathematics; and we cannot imagine a musician writing a few bars into his score by order of his publisher. In the pictorial art, drawing and color are of secondary importance to idea; but it may be noted that just as a good picture is often spoiled by a wrong shape or proportion of the very canvas, so, we think, a great deal of modern literary art loses effect by a surplus—more rarely a deficit—of words. Many an author might benefit by pondering over the cunning remark of Hobbes in his *"Leviathan,"* where he says that words are the counters of wise men and the money of fools. It is to be feared that too often the current conditions of trade react upon writers who start by being wise men and place their counters well; for then they proceed to mistake the false for

the true, and utter a few base coins in the shape of descriptions of the heroine or the weather to make up the tally.

There is another and a kindred manifestation of art to which some of our best writers are now tending, and it is equally liable both to the immovable canons of art and the fluctuating conditions under which it makes its public appeal. The relations between the novel and the drama have long been the subject of animated discussion; but it seems reasonable on the face of it to suppose that dramatic composition is a better school than novel-writing for all who suffer from *cacoethes scribendi*. We do not pretend to say that a dramatist cannot "pad" a play: instances are regrettably numerous; but such padding is more immediately discernible on the stage than in the novel. We have heard an author, who is distinguished both as novelist and dramatist, remark that until he heard his own writing spoken by his actors he had no notion of how easy it is to overlook the otiose and superfluous words in one's manuscript; he proclaimed it to be the best possible discipline for the young author. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that dramatic conditions are essentially different from those which govern the novelist; for instance, Mr. Pellissier of *"The Follies"* can convey in a single gesture an amount of innuendo which it would take Henry James a page of luminous detail to describe. If the idea, however, suggests to any young authors the plan of reading their own novels aloud before committing them to the typist, we think it possible that the standard length of novels might be affected.

# THE UNEXPECTED.

*Scene—The hall of a country house. Time 7.15 P.M. He has just been let in at the front door by Her.*

*He.* Halloa! Why is this door locked so early? And where's Parkins? I've been ringing and shouting for about half-an-hour.

*She.* Yes, dear, I heard you all right—angels' voices, short and—no, they weren't far between.

*He.* Visits, not voices.

*She.* Voices this time, dear. I prefer voices, especially when it's yours.

*He.* Well, why didn't you let me in?

*She.* I have let you in.

*He.* Where's Parkins?

*She.* I've given him an evening off.

*He.* What for? He ought to be here. Butlers oughtn't to want evenings off.

*She.* Well, if it comes to that, what brings you here, and why have you got an evening on? You went away after lunch with your dress-clothes all nicely packed into your Gladstone bag, and you told me a fairy tale about a dinner with some bachelor friend at Lowmead, and now you're back again.

*He.* It's quite true.

*She.* I know it is. I can see you with the naked eye.

*He.* I mean it's quite true about dining with Harry Talbot.

*She.* Then why aren't you dining with him?

*He.* Fact is, poor old Harry got a very sudden telegram—

*She.* It's a way telegrams have.

*He.* Well, this one was more sudden than most. It said that Harry's uncle had broken his leg in two places, and as he's eighty they think it pretty serious, and Harry had to dash off to London to get away North to-night. So I came back.

*She.* I'm sorry for Harry Talbot, and I'm sorrier for his old uncle, and I'm sorriest for you.

*He.* Oh, come, I say, I'm all right. Instead of dining out I shall dine at home.

*She.* Dine!

*He.* Yes, dine. You don't seem overwhelmed with joy at getting me back.

*She.* Yes, I am—simply crushed. But what do you think you'd like for dinner?

*He.* Oh, anything. Let's dine quite simply. Soup and a bit of fish; a cutlet with some peas, and a tart, or some jelly. I don't care what it is.

*She.* Yes, I know. Your name's easy.

*He.* Right you are; it is. I'll go and tumble into my dress clothes.

*[He takes up his Gladstone bag and prepares to ascend the stairs.]*

*She.* I wouldn't worry about dressing.

*He.* Why not?

*She.* Well, in the first place, you can't have any soup—

*He.* Why not?

*She.* Don't interrupt. You can't have any soup because it's too late; and you can't have any fish because there's none in the house and we can't get any. And you can't have any cutlet because there isn't such a thing to be had. You might possibly have a pea or two, but it's absurd to think of tart or jelly.

*He.* But where's the cook? What's she up to?

*She.* I'm coming to that. She's got an evening out, too.

*He.* But you don't expect me to dine on a pea or two?

*She.* I didn't expect you at all.

*He.* Well, but here I am. You've to feed me now you've got me—with all your worldly foods you me endowed. You can't get out of it now. Besides, what are you going to eat yourself?

*She.* Oh, my dinner's a mere nothing. The kitchen-maid's going to do me

a dish of buttered eggs, and I shall have some buttered toast and tea and a few cakes with pink icing.

*He.* But you don't mean to say—

*She.* Yes, I do. In fact, I've said it. That's going to be *my* dinner.

*He.* But—

*She.* And it'll have to be yours too.

*He.* It's the most awful—

*She.* What? Buttered eggs awful?

*He.* Yes, for dinner. And buttered toast!

*She.* I'll tell you what, Charles. There's a bit of cold tongue left. Yes, and there's a pot of meat paste and some peaches. You'll do all right.

Punch.

Pull yourself together and be a man.

*He.* But I can't drink tea. I really must draw the line at tea.

*She.* Well, you've got the key of the cellar. Get out a bottle of champagne or port or anything you like.

*He.* No, I think I'll drink water. But I shall be ill; I know I shall.

*She.* Not you. You'll be all the better for it.

*He.* I shan't dress.

*She.* No, I thought you wouldn't. I'll go and order a double quantity of buttered eggs.

[*She goes, leaving him plunged in despair.*]

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Under the title "The Mountain that was 'God,'" Mr. John H. Williams of Tacoma, Washington, has written and published a beautifully-illustrated description of the great peak known as Rainier. His description of it is written with natural enthusiasm, but the 140 views of the mountain at different points and in different aspects which adorn the book amply justify his enthusiasm. For the first time, in this volume, what is accounted the noblest peak on the American continent finds graphic representation.

Miss Eleanor Hallowell Abbott's "Molly Make-Believe" tells the story of a very sick man who accepted one of those handsome, advertised offers of regular correspondence for invalids, cripples and other persons secluded against their will, and consequently became acquainted with one of the cleverest girls in recent fiction, became weary of his beautiful but cold Boston betrothed, recovered, and went in search of his correspondent. Three possible endings suggest themselves. Whether or not Miss Abbott chooses

the best is a matter of taste. She certainly chooses one which charmingly ends a charming story. Century Company.

So many people attempt to speak in public who would better keep still that Charles Seymour's manual upon "Speaking in Public" with its suggestions "how to produce ideas" and "how to acquire fluency" ought to be widely useful. It is eminently practical; and while it will make no man an orator to whom nature has denied the gift of ready and effective speech, it will prove helpful and suggestive to public speakers, and, wisely followed, will rob after-dinner speaking of half its terrors. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Burgess Johnson's verse comes so near being poetry, thanks to its author's habit of dignifying the simplest subject by giving it his best thought, that it is not surprising that it finds earnest lovers and admirers among the uncritical. Its subjects are chiefly those with which their hearts and minds are engaged, and to all of them it adds something of dignity, en-

couraging the plain man to hold up his head with the best. In his child verse and his humorous verse, Mr. Johnson is invariably happy, and his new volume, "Rhymes of Home," with its appropriate cover of checked gingham and its artistic end papers, will be read by all generations among home dwellers. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

There could be no more competent guide to the beauties and marvels of the region described in "The Grand Canyon of Arizona" (Little, Brown & Co.) than the author of that volume, George Wharton James. Years before the railway opened up this region to the traveller, Mr. James was familiar with every nook of it: he had wandered along all its trails and climbed its summits. In the present volume, which is partly a re-writing of an earlier book, but mainly an entirely new work, he describes this region as it is to-day, the ways open for reaching and exploring it, its natural attractions and the accommodations offered to tourists. Half a dozen diagrams and maps and nearly one hundred illustrations add to the beauty of the book and enhance its usefulness.

Mrs. Frances Campbell Sparhawk's "Dorothy Brooke's Vacation" belongs to the newest school of stories for girls and boys, the school in which the author's ideal girl is neither Polly Pepper nor Jo March. She is a young woman with both the will and the ability to exercise a strong influence upon those about her, and her example might be mischievous, did not the very few authors who have discovered her invariably give her manners so good and a heart so kind that her successful management of others is plainly seen to depend chiefly upon them. Such an ideal is an excellent subject for a girl's study and Dorothy ranks among the best. Nobody can supplant Jo March because Jo is Miss Alcott's self, a

woman of a thousand, but Dorothy Brooke, acquainted with all the passing fancies of the hour and yet as sweet and womanly as the fabulously sweet great grandmothers, rivals her. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Lovers of George Eliot will discover much to please them between the covers of Mr. Charles S. Olcott's "George Eliot: Scenes and People in her Novels," and such students as may be reading her works as a task will find the volume a great aid in the swift accomplishment of their work, although the author would hardly be pleased by having it turned to such a use. It opens with a paper enumerating the many Warwickshire scenes which have been the inspiration of good literature; and then takes up each novel separately, giving a fair description of its personages and of the places supposed to have served as outlines for their scenery, and these papers are illustrated with views and portraits in halftone from photographs. Chapters on "George Eliot and Mr. Lewes," and on "The Womanliness of George Eliot" complete the volume, which is written with sympathetic but not slavish admiration. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Old times have changed, old manners gone in old Virginia, and the descriptions of them in the average American novel are so obscured by anachronisms in language, manners, and customs that to read them is a vexation; but Mr. George Cary Eggleston's stories belong to a class refreshingly different. In them, Virginia lives again, the Virginia that the North saw before the bitterness of the civil war concealed the vision; and in his latest story, "Westover of Wanalaha," one also sees a glimpse of the Boston girl of the days before the war. Here hero and heroine are a high-minded pair; and the arbiter of their destiny, a mountain woman who

conducts the politics of the district, is as picturesque a figure as when she first appeared in an earlier story. The principal incident, although uncommon, is not incredible, and is an excellent touchstone of character in the case of more than one personage. The book should add another to its author's list of successes. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

In Rev. Charles F. Dole's "The Coming Religion" the author traces the superficial aspects of American popular acceptance and practice of religion from the days when men refrained from expressing their doubts to these, when they hesitate to express their faith because perfectly conscious that incredulity or scorn may be their reception. In carrying out his task, Mr. Dole, like the late Professor James and many others who have written on the subject, takes it for granted that no follower of Calvin and no uncompromising Catholic was ever happy. The new teaching, he says, "is that religion is as healthy and normal as life itself." There is nothing new about that, as a cursory inspection of the New Testament, the Ordinary of the Mass, the English Prayer Book, the Westminster Confession, the Methodist Discipline, the Winchester Confession, the "Elsie" books, to come down to secular testimony, may convince anybody. Professor James's late father, Henry James, Sr., proclaimed himself "an abject Christian" and the testimony of all who knew him was that happiness was the essential quality of his nature. The truth is that the meanings of "religion" in Mr. Dole's book are multitudinous and that he bewilders himself with them. In general, he writes with good sense and knowledge of the world, and his closing chapters march to the tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers!" but he does not understand that

what he calls bonds are wings to many of his fellow-men, and that to them the coming religion has come. Small, Maynard & Co.

"Yawcob Strauss" is like "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner"; everybody is acquainted with a few stanzas of his veracious history but few can recite the whole tale. In this he also resembles his elder and domestic countryman, Hans Breitmann, but he and Hans are hardly soul-brothers. Hans is a keen witted roysterer of mature years; Yawcob, although now almost come to forty year, is always the bad little boy who takes the milk-pan for a drum and saws his father's cane in two for drum sticks, and the country does not desire to do without either of them. Yawcob, as most Bostonians know, is the creation of Mr. Charles Follen Adams, a business man, who has written a very modest number of verses, fewer than any humorist of his class has produced in the same time. Having begun with a prejudice in favor of having something to say before speaking, he has maintained an almost uniform standard of merit in his work, and in preparing "Yawcob Strauss and other Poems" he has omitted nothing. A very small part of the contents, chiefly direct parodies, might be spared without great loss, but a complete edition is much more satisfactory, and in the present volume every poem formerly published in two, and some hitherto left uncollected, are printed. Its fun is slightly pathetic here and there but not often. Mr. Adams is the typical humorist of and for the American business man, gentle-hearted, clean-minded as a girl, glad to evoke a smile and never tempted to allow the smile to degenerate into a grin. Would that his class were larger! A score of elegant poetasters could better be spared than "dot leetle Yawcob." Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.